The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

National Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND,
OF NEW YORK.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

State Ticket.

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE,
GENERAL W. W. H. DAVIS,
OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT JUDGE.
ADAM HOY.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Judicial Conference.]

FOR CONGRESS,
ANDREW G. CURTIN.
[Subject to the decision of Dem. Congr. Conference.]

For Associate Judge—Chester Munson.
For Assembly—Leonard Rhone, John A. Woodward.
For Sheriff—Miles Walker.
For Prothonotary—Robert G. Brett,
For Treasurer—Charles Smith.
For Register—James A. McClain.
For Recorder—Frank E. Bible.
For Commissioners—A. J. Greist, John Wolf.
For Auditors—Solomon Peck, J. N. Dinges.

Maine, Blaine's state, holds her election on Sept. 8.

Hog cholera has again made its appearance in Berks county and many animals are dying.

The Vermont election was held last Tuesday, and as Senator Edmunds voice has not been heard in this campaign, it is thought Vermont will not bellow very loudly for Blaine.

A communication received at the Indian bureau from Senator Beck, dated Fort Custer, Montana, August 17, states that the Commanche Indians upon the Tongue and Rosebud rivers are starving and asks immediate relief.

The conscience fund in the United States Treasury has reached $250,000 in twenty years, says a Blaine paper. That's a bad record, if there were more "conscience" struck Republicans the fund in the above period would be several hundred millions.

The *Times* says out of a hundred Democratic nominations for the Legislature made thus far only twelve of the extra session $10 a day fellows have been successful. It does not appear thus far that the Democrats of the State are rushing to indorse that costly luxury.

From the Lewistown *Gazette*, a Blaine organ, we learn that the two furnaces of Mifflin county are out of blast.

Remedy: Put the Republicans out of power, they promised better things and failed to fulfill their promises.

The Crane Iron Company, of Catasauqua, have announced a reduction of ten per cent. in the wages of their employes, to take effect on September 1st. And yet the Blaine party has been promising better things for the past twenty years.

In Ferguson township where Miles Walker is best known, we are assured he will receive a large vote, which indicates that he is a worthy man, and has the confidence of all who know him. He will make a good sheriff and leave the office without a stain.

The pill-makers held a convention in Milwaukee last week—2000 were in attendance. Just as like as not these fellows will also nominate Ben Butler for President—they certainly should be able to fix up a pill for him that will give him a good run.

Mr. Bernard Lauth has done a sensible thing—declined the Republican nomination for associate judge. A man who can do so sensible a thing would make a fair judge. But what's the use of running against a *monsoon*?

Arthur has gone a-fishing, and don't care whether Blaine is elected or not.

Butler is out making speeches for himself, and scares people's horses by his ugly looks.

Cleveland is in the governor's chamber at Albany attending to his duties.

Blaine has gone to the deep forests of Maine to get rid of hearing about his land-grab practices when in congress, but instead the mosquitoes have got at him and between his ugly record and 'skeeter bites he is having a rough time of it.

Chairman T. P. Rynder, of Milesburg has issued a call for the meeting of the state convention of Pennsylvania Greenbackers, at Bellefonte, on September 18, to nominate a Butler electoral ticket. Bellefonte is large enough for a Greenback state convention any time, but where the material is to be found to build up an electoral ticket of 30 is what puzzles us. Perhaps if some of the strong-minded women will dress in men's clothing and agree to serve the thing may be done.

A special dispatch to the *Press* from Huntingdon, Pa., says: The amount realized at the sheriff's sale of the personal property of the Kemble Coal and Iron company is about $41,000. This is not more than one-fourth of its estimated value. The proceeds of the sale reduced the liabilities so little that they still remain about $1,000,000 for which the creditors must look to the real estate.

General Butler's suggestion of a fusion of his followers with the minority wherever practicable seems to have been accepted with alacrity by his greenback supporters. In Iowa and Michigan the fusion has been made with the democrats on the state and electoral tickets and also on congressmen. In Illinois a fusion with the democrats on the electoral ticket is now in process of formation. In West Virginia the fusion is with the republicans on the state ticket only.

Thus far these fusion arrangements are calculated to help rather than hurt the democracy.

We are not without information of Senator Edmunds' estimate of the magnetic man from Maine. In a letter intended to defeat Blaine's scheme to capture the Vermont delegates to the Republican National Convention, the Senator made these objections:

It is my deliberate opinion that Mr. Blaine acts as the attorney of Jay Gould. Whenever Mr. Thurman and I have settled upon legislation to bring the Pacific railroad to terms of equality with the Government, up jumped James G. Blaine musket in hand from behind the breastworks of Gould's lobby to fire in our back.

Of course if one so well qualified to judge as Senator Edmunds characterized Blaine as Jay Gould's attorney in Congress, he could have little doubt that if elected President the great monopolist would have his attorney in the White House.

Affairs at the republican headquarters have been in a generally bad condition for the last three weeks, instead of growing better, the situation has day by day been growing worse. At the present time everything pertaining to the canvass is in a general muddle. From all accounts the managers in the concern don't appear to know what to do to extricate the canvass from the difficulties which impede its vigorous prosecution. The immediate effect of this condition of affairs is to enfeeble the party organization throughout the country, and at the time when there is a general tendency in the party ranks towards disorganization. Already complaints have poured in to the headquarters from all sections of the country, and the prominent Blaine leaders in States like Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and Illinois, have repeatedly warned the committee that unless something was done at once it would be useless to hope that their States would be carried for Blaine in November.

From all accounts there are several things at the bottom of the troubles of the Republican National Committee. At the present time it is virtually without funds. Considerable money has been collected already, the bulk of it coming from the prominent members of the committee and the men who at the outset of the campaign advertised themselves as promising to give "so much" to the campaign fund. Most of this money was sent to Maine, the little kept back being reserved for clerk hire and incidental expenses of the committee. The amount of money already sent to Maine is said to be very large, and no estimate places it at less than $100,000, and by many this amount is said to have been largely exceeded. And yet with all this money sunk, simply to give Blaine a big boom in his own state, the reports from there are anything but encouraging, and the cry still comes for more "soap." But just now the committee has no "soap" to send. Desperate efforts to raise funds from the usual quarters have been lately made but without eliciting the usual response. The merchants and bankers and Wall street brokers, who gave so liberally for Garfield, have most of them fallen into line behind the Independent Republicans. Those who are Blaine men give something, but not with their old-time liberality, and excuse themselves on the ground of losses by the depreciation of stocks. It is the failure of this source of supply that puts the Blaine managers on the verge of dispair and the committee which they manage on the brink of bankruptcy.

In order to increase the REPORTER during the campaign, we offer the following inducements: Any one sending us four names, with 60 cents, for each, we will send the REPORTER to March 4, 1885, on trial, and a copy FREE to the sender for the same period. If the sender of the four names is one of our present subscribers, we will add the above period to his credit. Every reader should be able to get four trial names at the low price of 60 cents, and help the spread of Democratic arguments.

REASONS FOR REFORM.

A Blaine reader of the REPORTER wants to know why the Democrats cry "Cleveland and Reform," and what abuses the Republican party has been guilty of since it is in power. We will try to give our Republican reader a few of the many reasons why there should be a change.

The Republicans have been exacting 100 to 200 million dollars from the people, surplus revenue, which has been wasted by jobbers every year.

It has promised higher wages for laboring men, every campaign, and never redeemed its promises, and the laborer has seen his wages cut down instead of increased and constant strikes have resulted.

The Republican party has the enormous Babcock-Grant whiskey frauds by which hundreds of millions of revenue were stolen in the southwest, as an ugly stain upon its skirts.

It has the damning star route frauds charged up against it.

It has the disgraceful St. Domingo jobs of the Grant administration as a blotch upon its record.

It has the unparalleled carpet bag rascalities to account for, which of themselves are sufficient to bury the party beyond the reach of Gabriel's horn.

It was the author of the back-pay salary grab, an iniquity of unsurpassed impudence.

It has the Belknap post-trader steals in indelible ink upon its brow.

The enormous frauds and swindles in Government vessels, under Secretary of the Navy, Robeson, robbing the U. S. of a navy altho' hundreds of millions were spent which should have given us the best navy in the world.

Then there are the disgraceful Indian Bureau swindles.

There is that unpardonable crime against the Nation—stealing the Presidency for Hayes.

The infamous Black Friday transactions of Grant & Co., which caused ruin and disaster all over the land.

The swindles and perjuries of the famous Credit Mobilier infamy.

Giving away of 200 million acres of the most valuable public lands to railroads and foisting millionaires upon the land like mush-rooms in a night.

Swindlings in the Pension Bureau amounting to hundreds of millions.

The Freedmen's Bureau swindles by which every negro who had earned a few dollars was robbed of the pennies earned by the sweat of his brow.

The Boss Shepherd paving frauds in Washington, by which a score of political tramps became rich.

Blaine's sale of Speakership rulings, and

Blaine's Little Rock and Fort Fisher railroad jobbery, and

Blaine's Mulligan letters, and,

Well, we think our Blaine friend is crying, "Enough! Enough!" and we will not make the dose larger. If the above does not cure him, then his case is hopeless.

STEALING PUBLIC LANDS.

Some time since the commissioner of the general land offce ordered a survey of certain public lands in Colorado and Nebraska, with a view of bringing suits at the next term of court against cattle companies that have illegally fenced in large tracts of land in those states. A special agent who has been superintending the survey in Colorado, in a report to the commissioner, says: Eight cases have been found against the Prairie Cattle Company, composed of Scotchmen. An examination has been made of tracts containing 100 square miles, 28 square miles, 16 square miles, 75 square miles, and the agent is at present examining a tract containing over 100 square miles. All of these are under the control of the Prairie Cattle Company and, the agent says, are illegally fenced in.

The officials in the land office say the practice of illegally fencing large tracts and making fraudulent entries has been greater the last year than ever before. They claim that between five or six millions of acres are now illegally fenced and that several million are fraudulently entered. Complaints from settlers are being received daily by agents and at the land office. The settlers say the cattle men are driving them away and taking from them the lands which they have settled upon. One of the land officials in speaking of the subject said that if the practice is continued the cattlemen will have the entire control of the best public lands in the United States within 20 years.

Relative to the fraudulent entries of lands, a land agent in New Mexico informs the general land commissioner that of the entries in that territory 90 per cent. are fraudulent and another agent in Dakota writing upon the same subject says that 75 per cent. of the entries are fraudulent in that territory. Among the cases of unauthorized fencing specially reported to the land office by the agents are those of the Prairie Cattle Company (Scotch,) embracing upwards of 1,000,000 acres; the Arkansas cattle company, 1,000,000 acres; H. H. Metcalf, 200,000 acres; John W. Powers, 200,000 acres; McDonald & Davis, 75,000 acres; Routchler & Lamb, 40,000 acres; Garnett & Lanford, 30,000 acres; J. W. Frank, 40,000 acres; E. C. Taxe, 50,000 acres; Lewey Brothers, 150,000 acres; Vrooman & McFife, 50,000 acres; Beatty Brothers, 40,000 acres; Chick, Brown & Co., 30,000 acres and Reynold's Cattle Co., 50,000 acres—all in Colorado; Brighton Ranche 125,000 acres, Coe & Carter 30,000, J. W. Wilson 25,000 acres, Kennebec Ranche 40,000, and J. W. Bosler 20,000—in Nebraska; Wm. Humphrey 25,000 acres, and Nelson & Son 20,000 acres—in Nevada. Entire counties are reported as being fenced in in Kansas. In Wyoming more than one hundred large cattle companies are reported as having been fencing on public lands. Some of these companies are reported to be English and others Scotch.

Referring to the practices of large companies making fraudulent entries on lands illegally fenced, Major McKenzie, of the land office, said: These entries are made along the streams that run through the land. Cattle men will employ men to heard their stock and then will give $50 or $100 to each one to make an entry for 160 acres. When he has secured his patent, it is understood that he must transfer it to the party who advanced the money. Many of the cattle dealers will not employ men unless they will agree to make the entries.

HENDRICKS ON CLEVELAND.

He Treats the Buffalo Falsehood in a Just and Sensible Way.

Dubuque, Iowa, August 27.—The following is a letter from Gov. Hendricks, received by a citizen of this city in answer to an inquiry concerning rumors affecting the change in the national democratic ticket, consequent upon reports published against Gov. Cleveland:

Indianapolis, August 21, 1884.—I have your letter of the 19th instant. I cannot consider with favor your suggestion of a change in the national ticket. The action of the convention cannot now be reconsidered. I think it ought to stand. I don't agree with you in respect to the probable result. I think the probabilities are favorable to the success of our ticket. The Cleveland scandal will not have weight with the people, and ought not to have wheight. It is unworthy of the national contest. Three times Gov Cleveland has stood the test of the popular canvass, once for the office of mayor in his own city, and each time he received the endorsement of his neighbors by a vote largely above his party strength. Whatever there may have been of scandal existing before it is not just either to him or the people named to revive. The public welfare requires that he be judged by his public record, by his capability and fitness for the discharge of the responsible and important duties, and not by old and exploded private slanders. Very respectfully,

T. A. HENDRICKS.

THE TAMMANY DEMOCRATS.

[N. Y. World.]

Coroner Levy, Tammany Hall, said: "Tammany Hall's ratification of the nominations of Cleveland and Hendricks will be a monster. Now, that answers your question what, in my opinion, the organization intends doing?"

A Tammany Hall leader said: "What else can we do but indorse Cleveland? It would break up the organization to declare for Butler and we cannot go Blaine. I would not be surprised, however, if Mr. Kelly's organ keeps up its boom for Blaine."

"Ben Butler ought to be sent on an expedition to the North Pole," says the Indianapolis *Times*. But who would want to eat old Ben Butler.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The alacrity with which workingmen taste likenesses of Bonnie Ben Butler in the bottoms of their dinner-pails is not calculated to startle people.—Philadelphia Times.

"As I gaze upon these hands, calloused and worn with toil, I realize how necessary it is that we laboring men stand together in this campaign."—B. F. B., in Youngstown Saturday Night.

Candidate St. John dyes his red mustache black, which leads an exchange to remark that a man who will sail under false colors in public will drink behind the door.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

It is said by the dealers in the pictures of Presidential candidates that Butler's picture does not sell well. This, however, may be taken as a favorable symptom for his campaign.—Providence Journal (Rep.)

The fact that Editor Dana, of the New York *Sun*, wants to turn the rascals out in order to Butler in, excites the suspicion that Editor Dana don't always know a rascal when he sees one.—Richmond Dispatch.

Ben Butler, who promised to give the country a "rip-roaring" campaign, is speaking with persistent regularity, but his audiences are alarmingly small. It looks already as if he would be compelled to offer a chromo to every man who will sit through one of his speeches.—Chicago Times.

The surplus in the treasury continues to increase, and business grows duller with each week.

HON. THOS. HENDRICKS' SPEECH.

An Able Presentation of the Pending Issues.

Indianapolis, August 31.—Mr. Hendricks, the democratic candidate for vice president, made his first address in the present campaign last evening before a large assemb age here. He spoke as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I appreciate the privileges and the honor of addressing you, and I recognize the duty of speaking frankly and without concealment or exaggeration of any material fact or opinion. May I first ask your attention to the necessity and importance of revenue reform? The power to levy and collect taxes is among the highest and most responsible of the attributes of government. How far may government go in the exercise of the power to tax the people? Freely and cheerfully we all answer that there shall be no limitation or restraint upon the absolute and entire maintenance of public authority, with all its faculties and functions unimpaired. Whatever the government can lawfully do and of right should do, the taxpayers will furnish it the means to accomplish. Beyond this is the province of private right, to invade which is usurpation.

When the war came taxation was necessarily and rightfully increased. But with the war and expenditures consequent upon it there passed away the necessity for a war standard of taxation. Why, then, has such a standard continued? The party that has held almost unbroken power for nineteen years of peace must respond to that inquiry. In his message of December 4, 188., President Arthur admonished congress that at a session he had urged upon its attention "the importance of relieving the industries of unnecessary taxation." For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881, the surplus revenue amounted to $100,000,000; for the fiscal year ending on the 30th June last the surplus was more than $145,000,000. What say you, my countrymen? Did that showing not call for revenue reform? During that congress the house was made positively republican, largely by partisan action. Not much heed was given by it to the startling statement made by the president of the enormous excess in the revenue. The modification of the internal revenue system, and of the tariff made in the March following left an excess of $85,000,000 of revenue. In his last annual report (3d December last) the secretary of the treasury estimates the surplus of the current year at $85,000,000, and adds: "So the question still presses, what legislation is necessary to relieve the people of unnecessary taxes?" Yes, it is the question of $85,000,000 unnecessary taxes in one year. The accumulation is constant. In a speech recently made at Richmond, Mr. Calkins, the candidate for governor, boasting of the achievements of his party, made the statement, which I adopt without examination, that the "republican party found an empty treasury; now it has a surplus of $400,000,000." That great sum of money lies idle in the treasury. If it had been left with the people it would become the willing and active servant of labor. In the language of the secretary of the treasury: "The question still presses, what legislation is necessary to relieve the people of unnecessary taxes?"

It is a question of revenue reform. Solve this question, my countrymen, by reducing the taxes and thus leaving the money not needed by the government in the pockets of the people and in the channels of trade and commerce. The party in power will not give us this reform.

May I ask your attention to the plan and principles of revenue reform to which the democracy are pledged by the Chicago platform? Federal taxation "shall not exceed the needs of the government economically administered." Do you approve that? If not, would you have the government wastefully or corruptly administered to make room and pretext for higher federal taxes? "Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes." Would you have it otherwise? If taxation can have for its object other than public purposes, then what purposes? May the object and purposes be individual and private gain? I do not question that may be and often is an incident that one man receives a greater benefit or carries a greater burden than another of a prescribed tax. Nor do I question that in the adjustment of the details of a tariff law the legislative mind and judgment may and will be influenced not only by considerations of general policy but also by the probable effect of the measure upon the business interests of the country. It is in accordance with the sentiment that the democratic party stands pledged in its platform "to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests" and that "any change of law must be at every step regardful" of the labor and capital employed in the industries of the country, and the custom house taxes shall bear "heaviest on articles of luxury and lightest on articles of necessity," and that "the necessary reduction in taxation can and must be effected without depriving American labor of the ability to compete successfully with foreign labor."

These principles of the platform are plainly written and easily understood. They present the conservative purpose of the democracy touching revenue reform. When expressed in the laws their beneficient influence will become active and universal. Lower taxes will signify lighter burdens upon the people; money returning to the channels of the trade; enterprises restored and stimulated; renewed demand for the products of industry, and the consequent increased demand for labor and universal prosperity. If the four hundred millions now locked up in the treasury were restored to the channels of trade and commerce who can doubt that labor would find employment and the manufacturer a market for his fabrics?

The obituary of our merchant navy is written in our tariff and shipping laws. Its spirit of enterprise and daring that once brought wealth to our shores and pride to our people and that furnished congenial employment to thousands of our brave and hardy sons is now buried in the treasury vaults under those $400,000,000 of which Mr. Calkins vaunts.

The lamentable condition in which our war navy and coast defenses are found at the end of nearly twenty years of republican rule is well described by Senator Harrison in his able speech delivered in this city. He says: "The highest military and naval authorities of the country have again and again, in official reports to congress declared that we are without a navy, and that our sea coast defenses are not worthy of the name. We have no guns for our ships, none for our coast fortifications." What party held the reins of power while the navy was rotting down and the coast fortifications were passing into dilapidation? Senator Harrison did not charge that the democratic party suffered this condition of things to come about, or that it was responsible for it. He could not do that. What he charges is that at a late session of congress, after the navy had practically ceased to exist, and the coast defenses had become worthless, democratic congressmen defeated a bill providing for a small addition to the navy. I understand opposition was made because of the want of confidence in the department as organized for the best construction of new vessels and the completion of old and unfinished ones upon the best plans, and not upon the ground that a navy was required for public security. Nothing in its history could justify the charge that the democracy is opposed to the maintaining of a strong and efficient naval arrangement. It looks with shame and humiliation upon our present miserable navy, and regards with anxiety our unprotected seaboard. A nation itself just and peaceably disposed, can better preserve its peace and honor and can better secure its citizens, wherever they may be on the face of the earth, from wrong and insult when its flag is a symbol of power adequate to the vindication of any right or redress of any wrong.

Consider our army of officeholders, now about 110,000. Reform in civil service requires its reduction, perhaps 30,000. It seems to be constantly increasing. Who can check the evil and discharge all who hold positions and receive pay without useful employment? Not the party that created the positions and appointed its favorites to fill them.

Not long since I made the acquaintance of Gov. Cleveland. I found him affable and courteous. Clear and distinct in his views, and strong and direct in the expression of his purposes; he seemed to me as free from concealment and the arts of the demagogue as any man I know. As far as I could judge in a single conversation, I thought him in a marked degree governed in his official life by his convictions of duty. You do not expect him to escape criticism upon his official life: that can hardly be the fortune of any candidate. Touching that I believe his motives have not been impugned nor his honesty questioned. In respect to his private life we will not accompany his defamers in their search for ground of accusation back of the overwhelming vindication by his neighbors in three political contests of extraordinary brilliancy and success.

A STRANGE LITTLE COMMUNITY.

St. Naziane, Michigan, is a curious community. Though founded as long ago as 1848 its population is now but 212, made up of German peasant woman suffragists. The articles of association—for the settlement is, in fact, but a society—provide for a board of seven trustees, consisting of priest, three men and three women, elected by all the adult men and women annually. German is the only language spoken, and only two, the general manager and the doctor, know English. They live entirely by themselves and take no interest in the outside world. They are all agriculturists. The women work out in the field as well as the men, and by their industry have made a valuable estate of their possessions. The people take a great many orphans, expecting to maintain the community in that way. They are very religious, and three times a day assemble in their chapel for prayer.

PREVENTION OF NOISE.

To those who carry on any operations requiring much hammering or pounding, a simple means of deadening the noise of their work is a great relief. Several methods have been suggested, but the best are probably these: 1. Rubber cushions under the legs of the work bench. *Chamber's Journal* describes a factory where the hammering of fifty coppersmiths was scarcely audible in the room below, their benches having under each leg a rubber cushion. 2. Kegs of sand or sawdust applied in the same way. A few inches of sand or sawdust is first poured into each keg; on this is laid a board or block upon which the legs rests, and round the leg and block is poured fine dry sand or sawdust. Not only noise, but all vibration and shock, is prevented; and an ordinary anvil, so mounted, may be used in a dwelling-house without annoying the inhabitants. To amateurs, whose workshops are almost always located in dwelling-houses, this device affords a cheap and simple relief from a very great annoyance.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

I had not been at the hotel in Hongkong five minutes before my attention was distracted by a terrific noise. Rushing to the front balcony I was just in time to see quite a remarkable wedding procession. At first, from the noise and general style of the affair, I thought it was a funeral, but I soon discovered the difference. First came a dozen musicians who were beating gongs and blowing fish horns, each apparently without any reference to the rest. Then followed a company of men and boys bearing flags and lanterns, after which came a series of gilded tables with elaborately carved and painted canopies over them, and all sorts of eatables upon them.

The display of fruit was quite tempting, and I longed for a slice of the roast pig and the roast sheep. But there were also native dishes, which, by experiment, I found to be far from appetizing. Thus far, everything was arranged just as a funeral procession would be, and was composed of the same features. But now there was a slight departure from the funeral order of things. There came a magnificent sedan chair, the windows of which were thoroughly curtained, but which I was told contained the happy bride. This gorgeous sedan chair was followed by others, also by gayly decorated jinnikishas, in which were seated the relatives of the contracting parties. More so-called musicians followed, and the procession wound up with a load of boxes, which, I inferred, contained the marriage offerings, and, perhaps, the trousseau of the bride.

THE ENGINE.

Into the gloom of the deep, dark night,
With panting breath and a startled scream;
Swift as a bird in sudden flight
Darts this creature of steel and steam.

Awful dangers are lurking nigh,
Rocks and chasms are near the track,
But straight by the light of its great white eye,
It speeds thro' the shadows dense and black.

Terrible thoughts and fierce desires
Trouble its mad heart many an hour,
Where burn and smoulder the hidden fires,
Coupled ever with might and power.

It hates as a wild horse hates the rein,
The narrow track by vale and hill;
And shrieks with a cry of startled pain,
And longs to follow its own wild will.

Oh, what am I but an engine shod
With muscle and flesh by the hand of God
Speeding on thro' the dense, dark night,
Guided alone by the soul's white light.

Often and often my mad heart tires,
And hates its way with a bitter hate,
And longs to follow its own desires,
And leave the end in the hands of fate.

O, pondrous engine of steel and steam;
O, human engine of flesh and bone,—
Follow the white light's certain beam,—
There lies safety, and there alone.

The narrow track of fearless truth,
Lit by the soul's great eye of light,
O, passionate heart of restless youth,
Alone will carry you thro' the night.

HIS INNOCENCE PROVED.

A haughty, stern, dark-faced man, the master of Meredith Grange; a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a face of rare loveliness, his daughter Idelle.

The girl was leaning against the window, her eyes fixed on the beautiful scene that lay before her, but at the sound of her father's voice she turned her head towards him, her eyes meeting his.

"Idelle," he said.

"Yes, papa," she said, but her voice was questioning.

"Can you give your answer to-day, Idelle? I have waited patiently; your lover has been patience itself, but we want your answer now."

"My lover!" the girl repeated, "King Emerson is not that, father."

"He is your lover—at least he loves you. The question is, Will you marry King Emerson or not?"

"You give me a choice," with a faint smile; "then I will not. Oh, father!" with a swift break of passion. "I cannot marry him; I do not love him, and I do love—"

"Do not dare to repeat that, Idelle Meredith, in my presence again! I have given you my opinion, and more than mine of Ralph Greeley, who is neither more nor less than a fortune hunter; and his wife, with my consent, you will never be."

He was silent for a moment, and Idelle let her eyes wander out of the window again.

Suddenly her father rose and went to her and caught her by the arm.

"Look here, girl," he said his face darkening. "I have fooled long enough with you. You will marry Mr. Emerson."

"I have promised my love to Ralph Greely." The clasp on her arm tightened.

"I tell you," her father said, "that Ralph Greeley is a rascal. Ask Esther Haven has he a right to marry you."

"I will not believe that story," Idelle said, though her face grew pale; "he is the soul of honor."

Her father laughed.

"Girl, I saw them together," he said. "I saw her pleading with him. Every one links their names together, and insinuates she ought to be his wife."

Idelle's face grew still paler.

"If I knew that were true," she said quietly, "my heart would change—at least I would turn from him, and—and——"

"Marry King Emerson?" her father interposed.

"And marry King Emerson," she said.

"I will hold you to that promise, Idelle," her father said, "no Meredith ever broke his word, whatever their other failings."

The smile on the girl's face wavered. Ah, if she were too sure of her lover's innocence!

"I spoke thoughtlessly," she said; but if Ralph Greely is what you have hinted, my careless words will hold good."

"I am satisfied," her father said quietly.

A little later Idelle left the house and wandered down by a sunny dell, her thoughts filled with her father's words as well as her own.

"It was a foolish speech of mine," she said; "even if Ralph had been unworthy, that would be no reason why I should marry King Emerson, whom I almost shrink from, without really knowing why."

At this instant a tall, fine-looking man crossed the meadows—a man distinguished-looking as well as handsome. It was King Emerson going towards Meredith Grange, where in a few minutes he would hear Idelle's decision from her father.

King Emerson and Ralph Greeley were cousins, but King was the master of broad lands and sunny vales, while Ralph was little more than penniless; but Idelle—well, Idelle loved him.

He was well worthy, as far as outward appearance went, of any woman's love, and Idelle refused to believe that otherwise he was not worthy as well.

As King Emerson passed she drew into the shadow lest he should see her.

"He is very handsome," she said, her eyes following him after he had passed, "almost as handsome as Ralph."

Her lover's face rose before her, cheery and bright, as it usually was, with its frank eyes and pleasant smile, and a tender glow came into her eyes.

"My darling," she murmured, "they cannot make me believe ill of you."

She had said that King Emerson was almost as handsome as her lover, but the truth was he was the handsomer man of the two, but lacking the magnetic charm of Ralph's cheery face.

Both men were tall and finely featured, but King's face was more regular in outline, his eyes deeper and darker, his mustache more silky and sweeping, his manner more distinguished, but there was a subtle charm in the other that made him the favorite of old and young—a charm in the honest eyes and kindly smile that went a long way with women in general, and with Idelle Meredith in particular.

Idelle walked on till she came to a grassy nook, and then she sat down to rest a few minutes, but she was scarcely sitting a moment ere she rose to her feet again, for a woman's voice, low and pleading, fell on her ears—the voice of Esther Haven.

Scarcely conscious of what she did, Idelle peeped through the tangle of briarwood, and her face grew strangely pale. Esther's companion was her lover, Ralph Greeley.

Almost breathless she stood, while clear and distinct Esther's voice fell on her ears.

"For God's sake, Ralph, give me the certificate. You will not do this, Oh, Father in Heaven, what shall I do? Oh, Ralph, give it to me! I would sooner die than face—"

That was all Idelle heard, as, white and trembling, she sank back on her seat. All she had heard—but enough. Her father had spoken the truth.

She sat there stunned and dazed for more than a quarter of an hour; then suddenly the voices fell on her ears again—at least, her lover's musical voice.

"You will meet me on the bridge," he said, "at 9 o'clock, and then I'll give you my decision."

That night, with her face pale as death, her sweet voice low and faint; Idelle Meredith gave her consent to marry King Emerson.

"I will meet you on the bridge, and give you my decision." Her lover's words to Esther Haven rang in her ears. She would be there as well—she would plead with him to do Esther justice.

A few minutes before nine Idelle stole out, and as the bell rang out the hour she stood on the bridge, and saw him standing as if awaiting some one.

The moon shone clear and high, and it was almost bright as day,

He took a few steps forward to meet her, then drew back, astonished, when he saw who it was.

"You, Idelle?" he said, his face changing slightly,

"Yes, I. You did not expect me here. Has Esther not come yet?"

"No," he answered, quickly; then seeing the scorn and anger in her eyes, the quick gesture with which she shrank from him, he held out his hands.

"Idelle," he said, "can you not trust me? I cannot explain my meeting with Esther; but, believe me, I have done nothing an honorable man could be ashamed of."

She only drew back with a gesture of hauteur.

"You said Esther has not been here," she said, slowly, "but this is hers!" and stooping down she lifted a small gold locket set with tiny rubies. "Her name is on it!"

"She has come and gone, then, She has mistaken the time, for I have not seen her."

"Then I will go as well," Idelle said.

Ralph Greeley looked after her.

"If she believes ill of me and mistrusts me with so little cause," he said, "I will let it pass, I must let it pass for a while. I can make no explanation yet."

The next morning the wildest excitement prevailed in Mount Henry. The dead body of Esther Haven had been found. She had been thrown over the little rustic bridge, and had fallen on the rocks below.

A little later the excitement grew more intense, and it had reached its height when Ralph Greeley was arrested for the murner. Suspicion had linked their names together for some time before.

How it happened, who had known of her beeing on the bridge, Idelle Meredith could hardly tell, but she was the principal witness against the man, who, no matter what he was, she loved with every chord of her heart.

Her anguish was pitiful to behold as she told her story, and sister-women wept in sympathy as, when all was told, with a low cry she had fallen back, white and senseless, and been taken from the court room.

When King Emerson entered the witness-box, the prisoner looked at him with an expression it would be hard to understand, but King gave his evidence, which amounted to very little, coolly and clearly.

Yes, he had seen his cousin and the dead woman together more than once.

Yes, he had heard rumor connect their names.

Yes, he had advised the prisoner to marry her.

At these words the prisoner leaped to his feet, his eyes blazing.

"You scoundrel!" he cried.

Then his counsel interfered, and he sat down again.

Late that evening King Emerson was closeted with Idelle's father, and held a paper in his hand.

"To-morrow week," he said, "the debt comes due. If Idelle is my wife on that day, you are safe."

"You have her promise."

"I want herself," King Emerson answered coarsely.

Later still in the evening Idelle heard of the claim King Emerson held over her father.

"My home—the home of the Mereediths for generations—will pass from me forever, our proud name be dishonored, and I—I, Idelle, will take my own life as sure as there is a heaven above us. You have given your promise to be his wife. What difference can a few weeks make?"

Worn, weary, heart-broken and dispirited, Idelle was no match for the two determined men, and the unwilling consent dropped from her lips.

To save her father's name and honor, she would marry King Emerson that day week.

After King Emerson left Meredith Grange, he turned down a narrow path that led to a short cut in the direction of his home, and there he came face to face with a delicate-looking girl, who stopped right in his path.

A muttered curse broke from his lips.

"You here?" he said.

"Yes, I," she answered, and then she sank upon her knees.

"Once more, and for the last time," she said, "I ask you to make me your wife. Have pity on me and my child, and give us a right to your name. For God's sake pity me in my anguish!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself!" he said. I would not marry you were you the last woman on the earth. Besides, in a few days I wed the purest maiden in England—Idelle Meredith."

The girl rose to her feet, her face convulsed with anger and dark with new-born deadly hatred of this man who had wrecked her life,

"You will never marry Idelle Meredith!" she said.

The man laughed.

"We will see," he said.

"We will see," she repeated.

Late that night Idelle sat alone, thinking of the future and what it would be to her as King Emerson's wife.

"Better death," she thought in the anguish of her soul.

Suddenly the sound of a light tap at the window roused her, but before she could rise, the casement, which opened on the balcony, was pushed in and a girl young in years, but weary and careworn, stood before her.

"You are Idelle Meredith?" the stranger said, and then, in the silence of the night, she told the horrified girl a story that made her grow faint as she listened.

"You will tell this to-morrow at the court?" Idelle said.

"I will," the stranger answered.

The next day rose bright and cloudless, and in the court room, crowded with people, stood Idelle Meredith,

The attorney for the defense was a different looking being from what he had been only the day before, but the repressed excitement of his manner could not be accounted for till—till—"Helen Clark" was called.

Idelle's midnight visitor, the woman who had knelt to King Emerson, stood in the witness box.

"What do you know of this case?" the lawyer asked.

"A great deal," she answered slowly; "I saw the murder committed. She was murdered by her husband."

"Who was her husband?" the lawyer asked.

She handed him the marriage certificate.

"King Emerson was her husband. There is the proof of the marriage—the cause of the crime and—"

King Emerson had leaped to his feet, but a hand had been laid on his shoulder and he had sunk back again, while the crowd in the court-room swayed back and forward in their excitement.

Then suddenly a wild cheer went forth, for Ralph Greeley was a free man.

The next moment, however, the cheers were changed to cries of horror, for, before they had thought of such a thing. King Emerson had drawn a pistol from his pocket, and pressing the muzzle close to his heart, had fallen, bathed in his own life-blood, at their feet.

His crime had overtaken him, and he dared not face the consequence.

Six months later Idelle and Ralph were married.

"And so you distrusted me from the words you overheard, Idelle?" her husband said, talking of the past. "Poor Esther! Her father once saved my life and he asked me before his death to be a friend to his child. Her marriage certificate fell by chance into my hands and I wanted to proclaim her marriage, knowing the position in which she stood, but she feared for her life if she defied him and she pleaded with me to give it to her. He must have met her on the bridge before I came, but how I lost the certificate or how Helen Clarke found it is something I cannot tell. When I found it gone I had no proof but my word, and what would be given for a man's word with a noose above his head?"

Helen Clark disappeared, and, as the nearest of kin, Ralph Greeley inherited King Emerson's possessions, among which was the mortgage on Meredith Grange, which he placed in Idelle's hand.

"The price of yourself," he said, with a smile.

"I am satisfied, since you are the purchaser," she answered shyly.

And he was satisfied also, as he met the beautiful eyes upturned to his, so full of love and trust.

The Monks of China.

Of a Chinese Brotherhood of ascetics a writer says, in the Flowery Kingdom men get tired of life, of society, of the endless struggle for existence and retire to some retreat where they can pass their remaining days in quiet, study and benefaction. These retreats (miau) correspond to the monasteries of Christian lands. They are invariably long brick buildings, one story in height, simple and solemn in architecture, and located either upon the mountains or in the depths of forests. Around the building is a windowless wall, symbolic of the busy life forever shut out from view. In the grounds and upon the surrounding land nature is assisted, but never interfered with. The flowers bloom and die, the trees grow gnarled and crooked, the weeds and creepers thrive until sometimes it would seem as if no human being lived in the vicinity. Closer examination will show that every plant producing beautiful flowers or wholesome food and fruit is carefully watched and watered, and every resource of vegetation in supplying human wants husbanded to the last degree. This also is a symbolism of the brotherhood who tenant these retreats. To them the useful flower and tree represent the good of humanity; the weeds, the evil. The duty of a true manhood is to aid and develop those who are righteous, but not to injure the wrong doer, leaving to nature the task of eliminating the latter from her great economy. These retreats do not belong to specific orders as in the Western civilization, but are founded by one or more persons for the simple sake of rest. The forms and ceremonies of admission amount to nothing. Any person who has failed in life, who has lost those he loved, who has sinned and repented, who is old and unable to work, is eligible. He presents himself giving his name, address and history, transfers to the brotherhood all he possesses, promises obedience to all lawful commands of the Brother Superior, loyalty, friendship and sympathy to his fellow members and devotion and aid to all human beings in sickness or distress. He is then admitted, given a new name and a new costume, assigned a room, instructed as to his duties, and the initiation is complete. From now on his life is fixed. Study and conversation, the cultivation of the field and garden or the improvement of the retreat and the instruction of brothers who have been less favored, are his daily duties. At times he is sent out to obtain subscriptions for the common fund or to nurse the sick or feed the starving, but these occur infrequently.

The government of these brotherhoods is a pure autocracy. A brother superior governs for life. At his death he appoints a successor; if the appointment lapse or be not made, the brothers elect one of their own number. The regulations are about the same as in monasteries, omitting the elements of religion. Cleanliness, sobriety, industry, chastity, intellectuality, charity and humanity are the seven stars of their heaven. No woman is allowed to cross the threshold of the retreat; no wine, stimulant or narcotic permitted except for medical use; no quarreling, loud conversation, game of chance, indelicate or vulgar talk is allowed. Disobedience is punished by reprimand, suspension, temporary ostracism or expulsion, according to the degree of the offense.

Alaska Glaciers.

After a visit to some of the Alaska glaciers, Mr. Meehan states that beneath the Muir glacier, said to be 400 miles long, flows a rapid current, which he estimates to be 100 feet wide and four feet in average depth, and which runs summer and winter without interruption. At its termination the glacier hangs over the sea, and gives off icebergs. Mr. Meehan remarks that the great ice sheets have their lakes, rapids, waterfalls, hills and valleys; that the waterways change their courses at times through the melting, and that melting progresses freely in the sun's rays, but not in the shade.

Industrial Interests.

Three stages in the industrial interest of the country are shown in the following figures: In 1831 the value of the cotton-mills in the United States was $40,000,000, in 1870 it was $141,000,000, and in 1880, $268,225,000.

Shaking Hands with a Mummy.

A gentleman who, though well read and very intelligent, is not a savant and could not therefore give me the story in the manne of an Egyptologist, told me the other day what he saw at a mummy's "reception" at Cornell University. A mummy has been received intact, that is with all the original wraps on it, which is a rather unusual thing. Happening to know one of the professors, my friend was invited to be present, and he says he will never forget what he saw. Yard after yard of linen was unwrapped from the mummy until its elbows were reached, by which time there were eighty yards of linen undone from it. As the process continued a sort of almost invisible cloud of dust began arising from the cloths and soon the room was filled with it. It produced a perfume as strong as it was delicious — heavy and sweet, and yet permeated by a dainty pungency which prevented it from being at all sickening. It was so powerful that it filled the adjoining corridors and rooms, and did not seem to lose its fragrance on coming in contact with fresh air. It was an odor which possessed a fascination which could not be overcome, and produced a sort of a dreamy sensation upon those who inhaled it for any length of time. The fragrance came from the spices, perfumes, poppies and aromatic shrubs placed between the folds of cloth when the mummy was fresh meat 3,000 years ago in the Nile country. The face of the mummy was well preserved, and seemed to grin at those who were disturbing its long sleep. On the first day the body was only uncovered to the elbows, as I have said.

"I was so interested in the process," said my friend, "that although I had intended to leave that night, I did not go, but waited until the next day. I wanted to see them get down to below he ends of the arms."

"Why?" I asked.

"So that I could shake hands with him, and that is what I did do. I never felt so queer as I did standing there, holding those bones that had been still so long, with hundreds of the sacred Egyptian bugs lying around, which had fallen from the folds of linen, and the air so full of that strange perfume. They learned from inscriptions found in the mummy, its age and epoch, and that it had been in life a high priest. The date they gave me showed that the long hand which lay in mine could have been extended by its owner to the poet Homer, if he had chanced to visit the temple on the Nile where the priest lived, and if the latter had journeyed to Jerusalem that same hand could have clasped that of the Prophet Jeremiah. As I thought of this I could not help smiling, for I wondered whether that lugubrious prophet had been shaking hands with the mummies of his Egyptian acquaintance and had become morose in consequence. That laugh of mine so horrified the learned gentlemen who were present that I felt very much ashamed and left shortly afterward, with this as a memento," and he took a scarabæus from his pocket and held the sacred emblem of the Ptolemies up for my inspection.

The Man who Smiles.

It is true, my son, a man may smile and smile and be a villain, remarked R. J. Burdette. But it is true that a man may never smile and also be a villain of the inkiest hue. I know it is quite the thing for a certain class of people to decry the smiling man and to entertain the gravest suspicions against the man who is so monotonously pleasant that he is sometimes offensively unpleasant. I know that certain people bid you beware of the man who is always smiling. But you should beware of the man who always greets you with a glare. If I am to be beguiled by a villain I think I rather prefer the smiling villain. He will swindle me courteously anyhow. I do not admire saturnine countenances even on good men. I do not enjoy any real pleasure in contemplating the bird of prey visages; the hungry glare of the village horse-trader, for instance, never improves my appetite. I do not think there is a good reason for fearing the man who smiles in all sorts of human weather. I do not always believe in his smile. There are times when he bores me beyond measure. Sometimes his set, unvarying smile wearies me as does the unwinking sun in the dead, cloudless calm of successive August days, and I want to quarrel with him and try to make him cloud up and thunder a little, or at least strike out a glow of heat lightning. I don't believe his smile is eternally a reflex of his feelings. He must feel blue and dismal, and troubled and chafed, and penitent and doubtful, and anxious and longing and sorrowful at times like the rest of us. But if he chooses to vail all his troubles behind a smile that is so set that it betrays the mask and wearies us, why that is his way of keeping his little light shining in this troubled world, my son. It doesn't prove that he is a villain. All men who smile and smile are not villains, nor all men who look solemn good men. When you hear a man saying, "Look out for the man who always smiles," that is the man, my son, who will rehypothecate your collaterals.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Offences are easily pardoned when there is lvoe at bottom.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

No aim at the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

Pity is the virtue of the law, and none but tyrants use it cruelly.

Moderation is commonly firm and firmness is commonly successful.

Falsehood always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.

A mere saguine temperament often passes for genius and patriotism.

He who can conceal his joy is greater than he who can conceal his griefs.

Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance: the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

There is, by God's grace, an immeasurable distance between late and too late.

Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it.

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the greatest spaces thereof

Genious follows its own path and reaches its destination, scarcely needing a compass.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or bind so fast as love can do with a single thread.

Avoid circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark.

He that would live at ease should always put the best construction on business and conversation.

To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is, for the present, as blind as he that cannot.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things that are above reasoning.

Whatever you would have your children become, strive to exhibit in your own lives and conversation.

Simplicity, of all thing, is the hardest to be copied, and ease is only to be acquired with the greatest labor.

The fruit of liberal education is not learning, but the capacity and desire to learn; not knowledge, but power.

Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

Dignity is much better than much familiarity. In the coolness which it imposes it is always like water freezing, somewhat elevated.

There is plenty of intelligence, reading, curiosity; but serious happy discourse, avoiding personalities, dealing with results, is rare.

If you wish people to be kindly toward you, you had best begin by being kindly toward them. The man who scatters thorns had better not go barefoot.

He that rightly understands the reasonableness and excellency of charity will know that it can never be excusable to waste any of our money in pride and folly.

Of all passions jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the success of our enemy; its wages is to be sure of it.

Good-breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world. In its noblest embodiment, it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at his best.

Selt distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

Men who are thoroughly false and hollow seldom try to hide those vices from themselves; and yet in the very act of avowing them they lay claim to the virtues they feign most to despise.

Joy is heightened by exultant strains of music, but grief is eased only by low ones. "A sweet, sad, measure," is the balm of a wounded spirit. Music lightens toil. The sailor pulls more cheerfully for his song.

Generosity is not the virtue of the multitude, and for this reason: selfishness is often the consequence of ignorance, and it requires a cultivated mind to discern where the rights of others interfere with our own wishes.

There is nothing in life which exercises a more blessed influence on death, than the prominence of a holy, loving fear in our intercourse with God. Past fear is the smoothest pillow on which the head of the dying can rest.

Prudence and religion are above accidents, and draw good out of everything. Affliction makes a wise man patient, strong and enduring. Providence, like a wise father, brings us up to labor, toil, and danger; whereas the indulgence of a fond mother makes us weak and spiritless.

The great secret of giving advice successfully is to mix with it something which implies a real consciousness of the adviser's own defects; and as much as possible of an acknowledgement of the other party's merits. Most advisers sink both; and hence the failure which they meet with and deserve.

Money is a right good thing, and no sensible man will turn up his nose at it. It brings comfort and leisure, and Solomon says that in leisure there is wisdom. Money promotes domestic tranquility, and that is the biggest and best thing I know of. But it ought to be hard to get, so that its real value may be appreciated—it has to be earned to be prized. No money is safe, except that made by honest men.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

As shines the steady polar star
  Across the darkened world we roam,
So brightly beams, so flashes far
  The blessed light of home.
In days of glory or of shame,
  'Mid gentle gales or adverse blast
Love watches o'er its vestal flame
  And guards it to the last.

Enkindled first in Paradise,
  Joy, Purity and Peace came down,
Attracted from their native skies,
  Earth's happiness to crown;
And when within the humblest shrine,
  Whose building loving hearts ordain,
That radiance begins to shine,
  Those angels meet again.

It gleams where dark, malignant powers
  With siren voice bid pilgrims stay,
The tempter at its glory cowers,
  The darkness flees away;
It flashed on the toiler's brow,
  And saddening lines of care grow dim:
From cots where poverty stoops low
  Ascends earth's sweetest hymn.

And when Time's treasures vanish here,
  And mother, wife, and child no more
Speed forth to life with words of cheer,
  Or welcome at the door:
On Faith's upturned and steady eyes
  That pierce beyond the star-lit dome,
Still falls that light through evening skies,
  And guides the weary home.

OUT OF PITY.

She was just 17; the very youngest little bride that any one remembered ever coming to reign at Arwood Towers; the sweetest, daintiest little Lady Fielding that the country had ever welcomed. To herself it was like a dream; it had come so fast; it seemed that all her life had lived itself in these six months, the leaving of her English school and going out to her father's plantation in Ceylon, so proud to be his housekeeper and companion; the strange brief life on the up-country coffee estate, Then the young English stranger who passed through Lindoola, in his rather vague wanderings for adventure's sake, and who was received and entertained at Holme Harcourt with the delightful open-handed hospitality of the colonies.

And then the awful night when the sudden terrible stroke of cholera left her fatherless, and life seemed a great black void; and the chaplain's wife had been good to her, and kept her from dying in despair; and Sir Henry Fielding had been still more good; and then—and then—she was resting her poor little orphaned head on a heart that was kind and true as her own father's, and a strong arm was close round her slender waist, and the voice she liked alone to hear of all voices around her was telling her she would never know another sorrow he could guard her from. He seemed the only real thing in all that dream-time; the sad past, and the present that was happy, but just as unlike reality. Was it really herself, simple little Nesta Harcourt, that people was fussing over and petting and welcoming home as if she had been a royal princess?

Perhaps it was as well she could not realize it or her head might have been turned. Why, had not the whole week Harry and she were spending with his sister, Mrs. Mostyn, to present Nesta to the country-side, been one round of festivities, of which she was queen? This evening they had driven to a grand concert in the country town, to hear a famous singer, and Nesta, in her wonderful golden satin gown, rich with embroidery and lace, with her eyes outshining the diamonds on her white neck, and her cheeks flushed with its pretty shy pink, had been an attraction only second to the queen of song herself. She felt a little weary with the excitement and happiness now that they had reached home and were having supper in the great hall, for the concert had forced them to dine rather earlier than usual.

The house was crowded with guests, and they were all vehemently declaring that the night was hardly begun yet, and they meant to finish it with a few games. The furniture in the blue drawing room was being hastily moved, and Nesta's heart sank at the thought of further exertion; her head ached and she was worn out. She would slip away quietly to bed, and leave Harry to make her excuses to Eleanor. Where was Harry, by the way? She had not seen him since they sat down to supper, and he and that beautiful Miss Trafford were talking in the doorway. A hasty search through the nearest rooms had no result, and Nesta stopped by an open door to glance in at the half-cleared drawing room. Two portly dowagers were deep in conversation, their heads bent together behind their fans; but their voices rose above the music Eleanor was playing, and Nesta could not help hearing what they said.

"Gladys Trafford; yes, indeed!" cried the black velvet gown to the purple brocade. "A very, very old love affair that, my dear. He and she were perfectly inseparable and a most suitable match it would have been. The two oldest families in the country; his equal in position and fortune; Lord Stourbridge's estates are next his, you know, and Glady's is heiress to a great part." What made Nesta's heart give such a leap, and her feet feel spell-bound to the spot where she stood? Arnwood Towers was the only place near the Traffords. It was as if her whole being were strained to hear the rest; she never thought of eavesdropping, poor child. It was life and death to her.

"And why didn't it come about?" asked the purple brocade.

"Heaven knows! A lover's tiff. I suppose, or some rubbish! It's a thousand pities! A Lady Fielding has always been at the head of the county society and Gladys Trafford is just made for the position, with her beauty and cleverness and talents. She has always been immensely popular."

"And who is the girl he has married? She seems a nice little thing enough."

"Ah! a harmless sort of creature; pink-and-white prettiness, nothing more. She was a planter's daughter in Ceylon, or somewhere; and she was staying with them when the father died. She was left quite friendless and destitute, and he married her out of pity. He was always a quixotic goose, Harry Fielding." The spell was off now, and Nesta, white as death, was hurrying up the stairs to her room. There was a little sofa in a sheltered nook in the corridor, and there sat Harry—the missing Harry—and the woman he should have married. Nesta sped past, but as she fled she saw Harry bend his head to kiss the beautiful hand he was holding, and she heard his low murmur:

"If I had only known years ago things might have been so different!" On, on, till her own door closed behind her, and she gazed wildly around at the pretty ornaments that strewed her bower, as if she had never seen them before. She flung the diamonds from her throat and wrists as if they had hurt her, and sank into a chair beside the quaint old ebony table; leaning her head, with its tangle of crisp, brown hair, down on her folded arms. She did not shed a tear, but her brain seemed on fire. Beside her stood the tall vase of rushes that Harry and she had gathered from the lake only yesterday. Wasn't it a hundred years ago?

"Never another sorrow he could guard her from?" Well, it was true; he couldn't help this; it wasn't his fault, he had meant to do right; he had married her "out of pity" when he loved another woman. It must be her own fault, not his; yes, because she was pink and white, and nothing more; and she was not tall and stately and talented; and she he ought to have known pity wasn't love, only it had seemed so like it!

"If he had known years ago, things might have been so different!" Might they not still? What if she was to go away that very night, and never trouble him again. She had not a friend in the world except her old Brighton schoolmistres; she would go to her and beg her to take her in, and let her teach the little children. And perhaps she might die soon; and Harry could be happy with the woman he had always loved. Nesta felt as if death wouldn't be long in coming, she felt ill now.

She got up to fetch a time table. Yes, the mail train passed through Middlehampton at 1 o'clock; it was only 12 now, and though she could not very well understand the puzzling figures, she thought it must stop at the little station just the other side of the park. She drew her blotting-book to her and began to write fast. A big tear or two sslashed down on the paper, but she wiped them patiently away; it must be clear that Harry might read it.

"They say you only married me for pity," she wrote; "I might have guessed it, my darling, but you were so good to me that I never, never did. I can't make you free again, but it is better for us never to see each other any more, and perhaps I may die, and you can go back to the woman they say you have always loved. I saw you just now when you kissed her hand, and said things might have been so different if you had only known years ago. Yes, they would have been different for us all. God bless you my poor good boy! you were not to blame." She paused and looked up.

"What shall I sign it?" she said: "I am not his wife any more, for only love really makes a marriage." Her eye fell on her little wedding ring, its brightness scarcely tarnished yet. She stopped and pressed her lips to it gently, solemnly.

"Oh! Harry, my Harry!" she whispered, "if it had only been love, not pity!" She rose and slipped off the golden gown, and put on a dark, warm dress.

"I must even go away from him in the things he gave me," she said, as she fastened her long fur cloak with its silver clasps. "I haven't a single gown that was mine before I knew him. He has even dressed me out of charity. His pity has been more generous than other people's love." She opened the French window in her dressing room and stepped out on the balcony whence a flight of steps led down to the terrace below. She glanced back at the pretty room, with its Chinese cabinets and blue and white china, and the ebony table, where the letter to Harry lay with the light full upon it, so that he could not miss it. Then she shut the casement sharply behind her and turned resolutely away.

The moon was bright with a fitful brightness—now almost as light as day now hidden behind hurrying clouds—and it was bitterly cold. Nesta drew her cloak tighter around her and tried to walk fast, but she was desperately weary, and stumbled along. Somehow the way to the little gate had never seemed so incomprehensibly long. Surely she could not have missed her way? The moon and the clouds were playing such pranks that one could not be sure, and her heart had been too full to notice all the turns. It was as black as Erebus now; a darkness that might be felt. Nesta took a few steps forward, then stopped short, by some mysterious instinct, just as the moon shone out clear and bright once more, its golden sparkle reflected as by a thousand broken mirrors in the waters of the lake which slumbered at her feet. A strange, sharp pain shot through her heart as she saw the very rushes Harry and she had been gathering yesterday. Yesterday? A thousand years ago; when she was happy.

A wild thought flashed across her brain; she had wished to die, would it not be better for Harry and herself, yes, and for that other woman too, if she were under those cold smiling waters in a dreamless sleep? It was only a moment, her soul was too white and too brave for more; she recoiled with a start of horror; but ah! the bank was worn and smooth; her little feet slipped on the edge; she threw out her hands to stop herself, but the frozen grass slid through her fingers; there was one short, sharp cry, and a pale, sweet face lay still among the rushes in the silent moonlight.

It was dark and warm and deliciously restful when she knew anything again. She heard Harry's low voice before ever she opened her eyes; and felt his clasp of her hand—Harry's hand-clasp, there was no other like it anywhere—and though it must be heaven, and was glad she had done with earth, since this was so much better. And so she slept again. And when next she woke she knew that the clouds she seemed to lie on, clouds soft and billowy, where her own bed, nothing more etherial, and she was aware it must be earth still but felt it did not matter since it could be so much like heaven, for Harry's voice and Harry's hand were there still; and she slept again, smiling gently.

But the next time she awoke the hand and voice were missing, and Harry's back was visible in the room beyond as she raised herself on her pillows. And as she rose she caught sight of herself in the long Psyche glass opposite and started at the reflection. For all her tangle of brown hair was cut short, and there was no pink and white prettiness now, only great dark eyes and a small white face. And as she fell back on her pillow, half from surprise and half from weakness, for she was very feeble, the bells burst out clear and sweet and mystical in a perfect carol of exultant joy.

"Christmas bells! is it Christmas?" she said.

"Why it was November when I died!" And as Harry turned and hurried to her side, she smiled up at him and asked again.

"Christmas! is it really Christmas, Harry?" but he only bent to catch her in his arms. She yielded to his kisses; then suddenly she tried to push him from her. "Harry you must not—you must not!" she said. He saw the troubled look in her eyes and knew that memory was coming back.

"Yes, I must," he said, "my little darling, my blessing, my life! The doctor says I must tell you all about it, for the worry will hurt worse than the talking; and oh! how I have waited for this moment to come! It has been one long nightmare since the minute I heard you scream and ran up just in time to see you sink!"

"Then it was you who found me? Oh! Harry!"

"Yes, you must hear it all. I came to your room five minutes after you must have left it, and there was the time-table open, and your little note, bless it! and so I just set forth for the station as hard as I could. I hadalmost reached the park gate when that cry came—off to the right—and I turned just in time." His voice broke, and he bent his head down to hers.

"Nesta, it was all a lie, a vile, infamous lie, whoever told it. Gladys Trafford and I were always dear old boy-and-girl friends, nothing more. I knew my cousin Wilfred loved her, and I always thought that she had something to do with his going to Australia, years ago. It was only that night she confessed to me that they had been engaged all these years, and Wilfred was trying to make a fortune for her sake. I told her I would soon put all that right; and then I scolded her for never having told me before, when I could have saved them both all these weary years of waiting. "Nesta!"—for her face was hidden, and she was sobbing softly—"you will no doubt see me again?"

"Never, never, never! not if you told me yourself! But, Harry," in a whisper which scarcely reached his ear, "did you really marry me out of pity?"

"Yes, my sweetheart—the very sincerest pity for myself!" And Nesta never asked any more questions.

Breakfast Drinks.

Coffee stands first in the list of beverages for the breakfast table, though for nervous people or those who are afflicted with palpitation of the heart it is not to be recommended. To make it to perfection one requires a coffee pot with a double base. A French filter pot is the best. Never boil it if you wish to preserve the aroma. Buy two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha; the first is required for strength, the latter for flavor. I prefer to have coffee roasted at the grocer's, as inexperienced hands are liable to leave a few berries in that have been scorched, giving it a bitter taste. But we grind our own coffee, and that only the moment before pouring on the boiling water. Allow two heaping tablespoonfuls of ground coffee to a pint of water. Cover tightly after pouring on the boiling water; let it boil half a minute and set back to settle. In this way coffee will be clear without the aid of eggs or shells. If it is not possible to procure cream, always boil the milk and use loaf sugar.

Tea needs first of all, the help of a "cozy" to make it in perfection. A "cozy" is a wadded cover made to fit the teapot. It is generally shaped in two half circles, stitched around, wadded, lined and corded. It can be made very ornamental by braiding or crewel work. Tea requires water freshly boiled, and should not be made to stand on the hob and stew before using, and it should never be boiled. Allow a teaspoonful heaped for each person. After pouring on the water let it for one moment stand near the fire, then place directly under the "cozy" before calling the family to the table. In this way the tea preserves all its delicate aroma.

If any reader has not tried tea "a la Russe," it is quite a revelation. It is to place of peeled, well-sugared lemon at the bottom of each cup before pouring over it the tea, hot and strong. Iced tea can be served in the same way.

Chocolate must be scraped and soaked in milk for an hour before using, to free it from lumps. Allow two sticks to a pint of milk, which must be boiled and sweetened. Make the soaked chocolate into a fine paste, stir in the milk; let it boil half a minute. Serve hot, as when only lukewarm it becomes flat.

The best breakfast beverage of all is cocoa, which, being more oily and nutritious, is strongly recommended for those who have weak lungs. It is made in the same way as chocolate, only a little vanilla is often added as a flavoring which takes off the over-rich taste. A nice addition to either chocolate or cocoa is a heaping tablespoon of whipped cream placed on the top of each cup. This, too, must be lightly flavored with vanilla.

Cafe au lait is a common beverage among French people. It is made with a quart of clear, strained coffee, a quart of boiling milk, sugar to the taste, whipped up with the whites of three or four eggs. Rinse the coffeepot with hot water and pour in the coffee and milk alternately. Cover closely for three or four minutes. Put a spoonful of the whipped and sweetened white of egg in each cup.

The reason why New Year resolves are so often forgotten is because many who turn the new leaf forgot to gum it down.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

The Mines.

The discovery of gold in the Frazer river and its tributaries, in British Columbia, occurred in the year 1858, and among the many thousands who started from Victoria to the land of promise was your humble servant, Joseph Laylor.

I did not go alone on my gold-seeking expedition. Henry Cleave went with me as a partner.

It was a journey of twenty-three days from Victoria, often wading waist-deep in the mud and slush, and crossing mountains of immense height.

At last we arrived at the mines in a deplorable condition. Here we found the suffering fearful, provisions scarce, and, although we had read such glittering accounts of the mines, the gold was slow in coming.

Day by day we toiled, and at the end of the first week we were not much richer than when we had arrived.

The second week, however, we struck a "vein," and our anticipation seemed about to be realized.

It was the last day of the second week, and Harry and I were seated in our tent, smoking and discussing our unexpected luck.

I had just put down my pipe, when a man entered the tent. It was Bob Riley the bully of the mines.

He was a man of about six feet in height, splendidly formed, with an arm that looked as though it might fell an ox.

He took a seat without even saying as much as: "By your leave."

"Hey, old boy, guv us that pipe," he said at length, pointing to my pipe I had just put down. "And harkee, old feller, fill it to the brim; d'ye hear?"

"Bob Riley'" I replied, "I know you're a bully, and I'm not afraid of you. If you call me rightly and speak respectfully I'll lend you the pipe."

"Guv me that pipe!" he cried, his face growing red with rage. "Guv me the pipe and mind who you're talking to; d'ye hear?"

"I will not give you the pipe, Bob Riley, till you do what I told you," was the answer, interposing my body between him and the object of his inquiry.

With an oath he arose and came toward me, Harry jumped up to take my part, but I told him to keep quiet and I'd make it right.

It certainly looked as though Bob would demolish me—I was so slight in comparison to him.

"Get out of the way!" he cried, with an oath, his face white with rage.

I did not move.

He then raised his brawny fist to strike me down.

I parried the blow and the next minute he had measured his length on the ground, his head touching the canvas, from a well-measured blow on the mouth from my fist.

In a minute he was up again, for I would take no mean advantage of his position.

With a volley of oaths he cried:

"Joe Laylor, my time will come. I shall never forget this!" and with that he disappeared from the tent.

That night I lay awake, the words of the bully ringing in my ears. I tried to forget them, but it was useless.

By the morning it had leaked out that I had "licked" the bully, and I was the talk and hero of the day.

I pass over a period of four months. Unusual luck had attended the efforts of Harry and myself during this time, and we were worth a nice $20,000 in gold apiece, and thinking of leaving the mines.

For the better safety of our money we had dug a hole in the ground under our tent, deposited it there, placed a piece of wood over the hole, and then covered it with mud, and five miners, Harry and myself had formed a band for mutual protection.

Every night at 12 o'clock Harry and I used to look to see if our gold was safe.

Four months had gone by and we were growing rapidly rich.

Midnight had arrived and we were again about to look after our gold.

God! Am I blind?

The gold was not there!

With ten-fold force the words of the bully came to my mind. But he had not been seen since that memorable night four months ago.

The air in the tent was stifling. I could not stand it.

I passed out into the cool night air, and oh how refreshing it felt!

Harry remained in the tent, as much affected as I was.

As I walked on I observed a faint glimmer of light in one of the tents.

It was that of a worthless vagabond, by name Jem Langley.

All the other tents were pitch dark.

With nervous tread I approached and peered in through a hole in the canvas.

Could I believe my senses!

I saw Bob Riley and Jem Langley bending over a small table and counting money from some bags which I recognized as mine.

In less than five minutes I had aroused our committee, and the gold was again in my hands, while the thieves were safely locked up to await the arrival of a justice.

A week went by, and our fortune was increased by $10,000. At the end of the week we had determined to go.

It was dangerous to go in the day, as every one who left was watched to see if he took gold with him.

All night we traveled, with the exception of an hour to rest. Toward the break of day we started again.

We had not walked for more than an hour when we heard footsteps approaching, and presently two men appeared, looking fresh and hearty.

"Hello, my good men," cried out Harry, tired of carrying the bag; "will you please to carry our buudles for us a little ways?"

It was reckless of him to say the least.

The men acquiesced, and we all went forward.

We had now arrived at a narrow path, where not more than two persons could walk together. We had proceeded on a little way, in pairs, when I heard two pistol shots, followed quickly by a third.

I saw Harry and one of the men fall, and felt a bullet whiz by my head.

Before I could turn, almost, the other man was on me.

"It is my turn now. I do not forget."

Now he was down with me on top, when suddenly the positions were reversed.

There was a knife in my belt, and both struggled to get it.

God! His hand was on my throat, my knife in his uplifted arm.

I saw it about to descend, and raised my hand mechanically to ward off the blow, when there came another shot, and Bob Riley fell over—dead.

A party of men came in sight, and I saw that it was the justice and his escort on their way to the mines, who saved my life.

In a minute everything was explained.

Harry was dying from a wound in his side.

It seems he had been watching the associate of Riley in crime, who proved to be Langely, but he was not in time to dodge the shot.

He had, moreover, drawn his pistol as he fell, and fired, luckily killing his murderer.

"Joe," he said, in a faint and hardly articulate voice, gasping between each word. "Joe, I'm dy—ing. Bury me—when—I'm gone. I leave my—money—to—you, hoping—you will do good with it—and aid the poor. Good—bye,'" and his soul left its earthly tenement for the better land above.

I hired some men, and we took his body down to the Queenelle river.

We made a coffin, placed all there was of him in it, and buried him on the south bank of the river.

Horsemanship in India.

The delusions prevalent about the covert sides of England that no men can ride but Englishmen, and the fond faith of Irish fox hunters that there is no race in the world like the natives of the Green Isle for hippodromic prowess, might be somewhat shaken if they had seen those swarthy gentlemen, the Tenth Bengal Cavalry quite recently. The Prince went out about 9 o'clock, attended by General Proby and others, to see the men at work, and was so pleased at what he saw that he gave a fine hunting knife to the best man. A British trooper would have probably received the gift with much delight and immense "mauvaise honte" and walked off full of pride and shamefacedness. The Towanna man, quite delighted, too, was able to express a wish that he might be allowed to wear the knife in his belt when in uniform, and the wish was acceded to. The British trooper would probably have been admonished suitably and severely reprehended by the authorities for such a request. Every one knows that tent pegging means riding full tilt with a lance at a tent peg driven deep into the ground and carrying it off, if successful, on the point of the lance. If any one thinks it is easy to do this from the simple description let him try it at Aldershot or elsewhere, remembering, however, that Indian tent pegs are larger, longer and stick deeper than those at home. The troopers dashed full gallop one after the other at the pegs, which were replaced as fast as they were drawn. Then rupees were put on the tent pegs to be knocked off by the lance point without touching the peg. That was done better and oftener than the succeeding exercise of cutting or spearing oranges on the tent peg tops. Handkerchiefs were laid on the ground, and the troopers, riding hard, made swoops at them and missed them or caught them up. One man managed to take three in succession in the same gallop. There were exhibitions of horsemanship which might be described as of a circus character, but for this difference—the horses were not ridden at a regulation stride at a skilfully adjusted angle, but were ridden boldly about on the hard plain, and everything was done by hand, bit and balance.

Royal Parliamentarians.

Five members of the royal family have seats in the House of Lords, namely the four sons of the queen, the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburg, Connaught and Albany, and their cousin, the Duke of Cambridge. But with the exception of the first and last named, none of there Princes have ever taken any active part in the proceedings of parliament.

It is an understood thing that members of the royal family must never mix themselves up with politics, and there is no certainty on the point as to which great party in the state is most favored by any one of them. It is believed that the general feeling of the royal princes is on the whole moderately liberal, but they have never said a word in public to indicate the fact. The duke of Cambridge, as commander-in chief of the army, of course, often speaks in the House of Lords on military affairs, on which he is a high authority, leaning to the policy of cautious progress rather than daring innovation, but his voice is rarely heard on any other topic. The duke is not an attractive orator, but his speeches are always business-like and to the point.

A few days ago the Prince of Wales caused some astonishment by making what really was his first speech in parliament. Three years ago, it is true, he said a few words in presenting a petition in favor of the bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wifes' sister, a measure, which, as everybody knows, the royal family are, for certain special reasons, very anxious to have passed, but his royal-highness's utterances on this occasion could hardly be called a speech. The other night he spoke for about ten minutes, and his address occupied some fifty or sixty lines in the newspapers. His topic was strictly non-political, but concerned that difficult question of the housing of the poor, which is engaging so much attention just now. The prince has a pleasant though slightly husky voice, and rolls his r's in a manner peculiar to many of the royal family, and somewhat resembling the well-known Parisian intonation. He speaks with great deliberation and at the same time with perfect ease, unlike his brother, the duke of Edinburg, who stammers and hesitates woefully.

Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

Snaring Red Birds.

"This will do," said one of a couple of bird hunters in Ohio, "we will plant our trap right here. The idea in making this path was to make a clear space for the birds to fly along—like the creek back there in the gully. The decoy bird which I have brought along in the cage is a female red-bird. I place her on the ground under this pollard willow, so. I cover the cage with leaves and branches, so that the birds cannot see her, and then I lime every branch on the willow which is apt to be a resting place for the birds who fly down the path to see what female is crying, and what is the matter with her, but who are puzzled when they reach this place at hearing the cries without seeing the crier."

The bird-lime, which was spread thickly over the upper sides of several branches on the willow, was a clear, viscid fluid, so strongly adhesive that when the writer closed his hand unwittingly over a limed branch the bark had to be cut away and to go with the hand—to be rubbed off gradually—before it could be freed.

"Now we will get back to our silk net in the gully, and begin catching birds in earnest."

But before the net was reached a nest containing young birds was discovered in the lower branches of an apple-tree growing in a fence corner. It was pouch-shaped, six inches in depth, and was fashioned of a felt-like material, lined with feathers and wool, and was fixed at its mouth to a couple of forked twigs, whence it hung, clearly suspended in the air.

"The couple that own that there nest was mighty late in getting married," said the bird catcher, "or else they had bad luck with their first brood. They ought to had them young ones flying about and scratching for themselves a month ago. That nest belongs to the hang-nest, or fire-bird, as he is sometimes called; but his right name is Baltimore oriole, and he is so scarce in this neighborhood that I want the old lady and the young ones, too. To get her I just make a horse-hair noose over the mouth of the nest, and when she settles on it she is bound to tangle her legs up in the snare, and there she is. Those young ones are almost feathered, and I can raise them easy. They are not really cage birds. They don't do much singing, but they are so handsome that I will have no trouble in selling them at a fair price, and if I can manage to catch the male bird I will be in luck, as he is as pretty as a picture, and will go off like hot cakes."

When the ravine was reached, across which the net had been suspended, the order was:

"Now yell; throw sticks into the gully, clap your hands and make more noise than a bull in a china-shop."

The order was literally obeyed, and a noisy march was kept along the ravine toward the net, every bird in the bushes being so paralyzed with fright that he dashed ahead, away from the noises, straight toward the net stretched across his path.

Three red-birds—two males and a female—seven English sparrows, two cat birds and a blue jay and several wrens entangled themselves in the meshes of the net, and fell easy victims. The necks of the sparrows were wrung at once, and the bodies deposited in the bird catcher's pocket, to be presently baked into pie; the wrens were liberated, but the others were placed in separate compartments in an ingenious cage, which was rapidly improvised from wire-netting and willow twigs.

"Those two male red-birds will bring me from $1 to $1.50 apiece; the female rather less than that; the cats about 50 cents each, and the jay $1—call the whole haul $5; and you can see for yourself that for a man who likes the world outdoors this is not a bad business. Of course, my material costs me something. That net there I bought at second-hand for $11, and after almost every drive it needs repairs of more or less magnitude.

"A good singing red bird can be purchased at the bird stores in the city for from $2.50 to $5 each. They are actually worth much more, as their song is but little inferior to a mocking bird's. In England this red bird is known as the American nightingale, and good judges say that his song is as pleasing as that of the nightingale itself. I don't know about that, but I do know that no nightingale can sing as well as our thrush, our mocking-bird, or even our little summer yellow bird, which we set the sunflower bait for a short time ago.

"But there is one thing about red birds that is not in their favor. It is the fact that two of them cannot safely be placed in the same cage. If they are both males they will fight together so savagely as to kill one or both; and if one of them is a male and the other a female, the chances are that the male will kill the female by beating her to death. Why does he do this? Jealousy, my boy; jealousy."

"A male jealous of a female!"

"Exactly so. Perhaps you do not know it, but the female red bird sings almost as well as the male, and there is more than one case on record of a male setting upon his mate and killing her immediately after she has executed an uncommonly brilliant song. But now we will look after the canaries."

The net was taken down by this time, and carefully packed away. Three of the sunflower traps when reached were found to be sprung, two of them containing a single bird each, the other two. These birds all belonged to the family known as summer yellow birds, wild canaries, &c., and were of a rich lemon yellow, with black wings and tail.

A Table Barometer.

If, in sweetening your coffee, you allow the sugar to dissolve without stirring the liquid, the globules of air contained in the sugar will rise to the surface of the liquid. If these globules form a frothy mass, remaining in the centre of the cup, it is an indication of the duration of fine weather; if, on the contrary, the froth forms a ring round the sides of the cup, it is a sign of heavy rain; variable weather is implied by the froth remaining stationary, but not exactly in the centre.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept. 3, 1884

MANAGING THE CAMPAIGN.

Ohio to be the Political Battle-Field of the Year.

New York, August 24.—The *Times'* Albany special says: The friends of Gov. Cleveland who are posted on the plans of the Democratic managers manifest no concern over the September elections in Vermont and Maine. They hold that as both states are certain to go Republican by decided majorities, there is no necessity of putting in any more work than is required to get out the regular Democratic vote. Unless the Republicans roll up phenomenal majorities, the Democrats will be satisfied with the outcome of the September contests. Their experience four years ago, when the Fusionists carried Maine in September, after a very hot fight, has taught them that a great expenditure of strength in the early states are apt to hurt more than it helps in the final result. The men who are Governor Cleveland's most trusted advisers here believe that the victory in Maine in September of 1880, simply alarmed the Republicans and aroused the "grand old party" to extraordinary efforts in the October states, and they do not intend to repeat the same mistake this year, even if they could. They expect Gov. Robie's majority will be between 12,000 and 15,000, figures which they do not think will be regarded of special significance coming from Mr. Blaine's own state. If the majority should fall below 10,000 they will take it as an indication that the Republican candidate has not the popularity which is credited to him, and as a proof that the Republican dissatisfaction is more widespread than is commonly believed.

VERMONT REPUBLICANS APATHETIC.

Reports from Vermont announce that the Republicans are not only apathetic, but in many localities ready to revolt. Cleveland managers are accordingly rather in hopes that, without any particular exertion on their part, the Green Mountain State will give a reduced Republican majority in the September election. But whatever the results are in September they are preparing to concentrate their forces on West Virginia and Ohio, with the expectation of capturing both states and starting a tidal wave for Cleveland and Hendricks which will not expend its force until their election is secured, three weeks later, in November.

Ohio will be the great battle ground. There the Democratic campaign will be managed by the same men who achieved the election of Gov. Hoadly and Senator Payne, and the same tactics that were so successful last year will be followed. Assurances have been received here from Gov. Hoadly, Mr. John R. McLean, Col. Payne and other leading Ohio politicians that the Democrats will surely win in October. The more sanguine put the majority at 15,000, but conservative estimates do not exceed 10,000. The letters from Cincinnati and Cleveland say that the Republicans are becoming alarmed and are making plaintive appeals for money. The German element is a cause of much uneasiness on the part of the Republicans. Unless affairs take a turn a large part of this class will go with the Democrats, and in such numbers as to make a Republican victory almost impossible.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

One Man and Two Women Near Du-Bois Killed.

DuBois, August 22.—Among the laborers at work on the Ridgeway and Clearfield railroad were Stephen Luke and John Scovitch. With their wives and eight children they lived near Falls Cr. station. Near by is a small hut occupied by negro laborers. At 5 o'clock yesterday morning one of the negroes heard a feeble knocking at the door. A little Hungarian child stood outside, in great distress, and stammered something and pointed towards Scovitch's cabin. The negroes went to their white neighbors' hut, the door of which was ajar. On the floor in one corner lay Scovitch, covered with blood from a hideous gash in the head. Near him lay his wife, her black hair stained with her own blood, which had gathered in a pool beneath her. In the centre of the room lay the body of Stephen Luke's wife, also shockingly beaten about the head. All three were dead, and on investigation it was found that their skulls were fractured. Luke was found still alive, but too seriously injured to give any account of the tragedy. On the floor was a pole-axe, such as is used by miners, clotted with blood and human hair. The children were uninjured. The room had been ransacked and a roll of $400 taken from Luke. Scovitch had $800 concealed in his rude bed and this had not been found. Michae. Mitlock, another Hungarian, had been seen to enter the cabin the evening before. Mitlock had worked with Luke and Scovitch, but was recently discharged. Friday he returned for his pay. He called on his friends Scovitch and Luke, and early in the evening they were heard having a hilarious time. Soon after midnight several other men are said to have been seen near Scovitch's cabin. Mitlock has disappeared.

RACING HORSES BURNED.

Cynthiana, Ky., Aug. 24.—This morning the Abdallah stables were burned and a score of fine horses perished. Among them Long Branch, Chestnut, Wittar and Jersey Lilly. The different owners had their horses quartered in the stables of W. H. Arison also burned. He places his loss at $50,000. His total loss is estimated at $100,000, mostly on horses.

300 HOUSES BURNED.

London, August 25.—A fire has been raging for three days in Rawa, a town of Austrian-Galicia. Three hundred houses have been destroyed and three thousand persons are homeless. The fire has also destroyed one hundred and fourteen dwellings and three hundred and twenty-seven dwellings in and about the large market town of Rozwadow, Austrian Galicia.

The gloomy fears, the desponding views, the weariness of soul that many complain of, would often disappear were the blood made pure and healthy before reaching the delicate vessels of the brain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood; and thus conduces to health of body and sanity of mind.

SOME FAT LEGAL FEES.

Charles O'Connor received $75,000 for his services in the Jumel case, which was very reasonable, since he secured to his clients an estate worth a million. Evarts received $25,000 for defending Beecher. Beach, who represented Tilton, did not receive more than $5,000, and to raise this sum Theodore had to mortgage his house and exhaust all other resources. Ten years have elapsed since this famous action took place, and probably the world has never seen a more exciting scandal since the attempt of George IV. to divorce the queen. Scott Lord, who conducted Cornelius J. Vanderbilt's contest of his father's will, received $50,000, and William H. Vanderbilt paid probably even more to his legal combatants. In the James B. Taylor will fight the entire estate, amounting to a quarter million, was devoured by the lawyers during a long litigation pays liberal fees, and it is said that David D. Field draws $10,000 a year as counsel for the L roads. If any practitioner can get a berth of this kind he is sure of a fortune. In the Parish will case the fees were $50,000. The richest case, however, on record in this country was the protracted quarrel between two coal companies. They had made an agreement of a very clear and explicit character, and yet each interpreted it differently from the other. Notwithstanding the carefulness with which it was drawn there was clear room for such a misunderstanding, and each appealed to the law.

NANTUCKET BARNACLES.

The late Charles O'Conor was not mistaken in the climate of Nantucket as a promoter of longevity. There are more old "barnacles" existing in that ancient town than in any other locality in the world, although the number is thining out from natural causes. Visiting that place a few years ago a gentleman was anxious to see the oldest house on the island, but being ignorant of the exact spot thought best to inquire. Noticing a very old man enter a small shop, he followed him in and found it contained four of the oldest men he had ever seen together. They were having a sociable chat, and one much-used "T D" pipe was doing service for the four, it being passed around and smoked by the old fellows alternately. The visitor, being struck with their appearance, remarked; "You seem to be a pretty old set of boys!" This brought the response from one who appeared to be the spokesman of the party, "That's a fact. We ain't no chickins. You see that boy, he's ninety-three; I am eighty-nine, that boy is eigthy-five and that youngster sitting on the bench is the baby, he is seventy-nine." Further investigation developed the fact that they were all old sea dogs, and that one of them had doubled Cape Horn forty times, while others had chased the "great big whale" in many seas. One of them remarked: "We don't die in Nantucket, we dry up;" and he laughed loudly at the originality of his remark.

THE LEFT SIDE THE BEST.

The left side of the face is the right; statistics prove the paradox. Artists always put the best touches, finest shading, and most delicate tints on the left side of the profile. Actors, actresses, and public singers always make a half turn to the right when they wish to impress their audiences. Young ladies desirous of bewitching their gentlemen friends always walk on the right-hand side. Why? Because science has shown that the left side of the face is the more beautiful, or less ugly. The left hand is more magnetic than the right, the left breast has a more graceful contour than opposite, and the glance of the left eye has a bewitching power of which the right is hopelessly innocent. The theme will bear infinite expansion, but we forbear to pursue it. The remarkable part of the now well-known fact is that the discovery was made by the Chinese. In the year 9381 Ah Hing Fy Foy had a family of seventeen daughters. They were all left-handed, and were greatly sought in marriage by members of the royal household. So irresistible were the charms of these moon-eyed maidens that every man who looked upon them became enslaved. To save the empire from internecine war for their possession, the Emperor made an edict that the daughters of Ah Hing Fy Foy should be allowed to have thirteen husbands each, but that in the future all left-handed girls should be strangled at their birth.

AN OWL PIANIST.

The Rev. Leonard Jenyns, author of "Observations on Natural History," tells a good owl story. He knew a tame owl that was so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perching on the shoulders of one of the children, listen with great attention to the pianoforte, holding his head first on one side and then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly spreading his wings, as if unable to endure the rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and driving away the fingers of the performer with his beak, began to hop about the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution. This pianist was born in the woods of Northumberland, and belonged to a friend of the relator of the story.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

Coal is said to have been discovered in Smith's Valley, Huntingdon county.

THE GAME LAWS.

Information for Sportsmen—Penalties for Violating the Law.

A great many have asked for the game laws, and the following digest will come handy to place in their hats. The penalties for violating are also attached: Birds, wild turkeys, October 1 to January 1, $10; ducks, September 1 to January 1, $10; woodcocks, July 4 to Jan. 1, $10; quail or partridge, October 15 to January 1, $10; ruffled or pinnated grouse, October 1 to January 1, $10; rail and reed birds, Sept. 1 to December 1, $5. Animals. Elk and deer, October 1 to December 1, $50; squirrels, September 1 to January 1. $5; hares and rabbits, November 1 to January 1, $5. The act of assembly further provides in the case of deer that at no time it is lawful for dogs to chase deer; nor is it lawful to kill fawns with spotted coats.

The Rev. Wm. Stout, Wiarton, Ont. states: After being ineffectually treated by seventeen different doctors for scrofula and blood disease, I was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Write him for proof.

FIFTEEN LIVES LOST.

Evansville, Ind., Aug. 29.—The transfer steamer Belmont was capsized by a hurricane this afternoon at Stanley's Landing, three miles above Henderson, and from ten to fifteen persons were drowned. The vessel was turned completely over.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20	p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 20	a m
"	"	Montandon	5 45	a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57	a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25	a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35	a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00	p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30	a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10	a m
"	"	Montandon	10 09	a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45	a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 45	p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40	a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25	a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32	a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35	p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55	p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05	p m
"	"	Kane	2 20	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05	p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10	p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25	p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50	p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10	p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05	p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15	p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29	a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10	a m
"	"	Montandon	9 20	a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 40	a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15	p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00	a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05	a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15	a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 55	p m
"	"	Montandon	1 36	p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 48	p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25	p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	1 55	p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40	p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45	p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00	a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05	a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20	a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50	a m
WMPT ACM	leaves	Renovo	3 40	p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35	p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00	p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49	p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25	p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05	a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agent

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward.				
	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M
Montandon	8.00	9.25	10.45	1.45	6.25
Lewisburg, ar.	8.00	9.35	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.55		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.50		11.06	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			lct.3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.35			3.40	
Coburn	8.48			3.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

	Leave Eastward.				
	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M
Spring Mills		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Milmont		7.40			3.55
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00		P.M.	4.15
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.15
			A.M.		
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar.5.40	ar.9.10	ar.10.30	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

The Coming President,

WANTED, one or two Ladies or Gentlemen of undoubted reference and character, willing to work eight hours per day for a six months' engagement, as Traveling Agents for "The Lives and Graves of our Presidents," to every subscriber of which book WILL BE GIVEN FREE "The Lives of the Four Candidates." Why pay from $2 to $4 for the Lives of the Candidates when you can get it free? First applicants get choice of positions. Good pay to the right party. Address, giving name of reference,

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1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
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5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
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FOR A TERM OF YEARS ARE PREPARING TO PAY CASH FOR

WHEAT. WHEAT, WHEAT,

RYE, RYE, RYE,

BARLEY and CORN, &c.

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Coburn, Pa., August 1, '84. 6aug3m

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ENGINES FOR SALE!

ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "

THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

Will be sold Cheap at the

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AT FARMERS MILLS, PA.

All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent hounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.

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OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

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Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

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"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the poprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years,

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—The Parents.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."

—A Lady of Utica, N. Y.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white lable. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with Hop or Hops in their name.

$11,950
IN CASH
GIVEN AWAY

Premiums No. 4 to 26

$500	
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$400	
$350	
$300	
$275	
$250	
$225	
$200	
$175	
$150	
$125	
$100	
$90	
$80	
$70	
$60	
$50	
$40	
$30	
$20	
$10	

Smokers of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco will receive Premiums as follows on terms and conditions here specified:

1st PREMIUM. $5,000
2d " $2,000
3d " $1,000
22 other Premiums as here shown.

The 25 premiums will be awarded December 23, 1884. 1st Premium goes to the person from whom we receive the largest number of our empty tobacco bags *prior to Dec* 15. 2d will be given for the next largest number and thus, in the order of the number of empty bags received from each, to the twenty-five successful contestants. Each bag must bear our original Bull Durham label, U. S. Revenue stamp, and Caution Notice. Bags must be done up securely in a package, with name and address of sender, and number of bags contained, plainly marked on the outside, and must be sent, charges prepaid, to **Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.**, DURHAM, N C. Every genuine package has picture of Bull.

See our next announcement.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for **Scrofula** and all **Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions** of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

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Scientific

A tube containing a mixture of triethylamine and water exhibits turbidity at a temperature of 26° C. Noting this fact, Prof. J. H. Poynting considers that such tubes may prove useful in indicating the temperature of fever patients.

The latest medical dictum as to smoking is that it is a prolific cause of nasal and nasopharyngeal catarrh; and produces necrosis of the teeth, instead of preserving them; but is an excellent remedy in the incipient stages of insanity.

Manganese in appreciable quantity has been found by M. E. J. Mamnene in thirty-four samples of wine. Tests also revealed its presence in various cereals. As it can be detected also in nearly every description of rock the above facts go to prove the wide diffusion of this metal throughout nature.

Sawdust when used as a substitute for sand in house plastering is alleged to impart very desirable properties to the plaster. It makes the covering for walls light, warm and porous. By its non-conducting qualities it causes the inner surface to retain the heat, which sand plaster allows to escape.

Mr. Crisp showed at a recent meeting of the Microscopical Society, London, a very curious microscope bearing the date 1772. Besides possessing other peculiarities, it had three objectives attached to a sliding plate at the end of a nose-piece in a manner similar to that adopted in the construction of the modern Harbey and other microscopes.

Dry pocket-glue is made of twelve parts of good glue and five parts of sugar. The glue is boiled until it is entirely dissolved, the sugar is then put into the glue, and the mass is evaporated until it hardens on cooling. Lukewarm water melts it very readily, and it is excellent for use in causing paper to adhere firmly, cleanly, and without producing any disagreeable odor.

A simple way to ascertain whether a sample of petroleum is dangerous or not has been recommended by a chemist of considerable standing. An ordinary tumbler is filled two-thirds full with the oil. While filling up the remaining one-third with boiling water a flame is held over the vessel. If the vapor which rises takes fire the test indicates that the petroleum is not safe to be exposed to the atmosphere.

A a meeting of the Berlin Medical Society lately photographs were shown by Prof. Virchow of the gigantic plane tree in the Island of Cos, under the shade of which Hippocrates is said by tradition to have held medical examinations. The tree stands in the market-place of the town of Cos, on the east side of the island, and the branches, which spread over nearly the whole area of the market-place, are supported by marble pillars.

German experimenters reports that Caucasian petroleum is not a good lubricant for machinery. Its properties as an illuminant, however, are of a higher order, and with a suitable burner excellent results should be obtained. The point of ignition is high, and this oil is therefore much less liable to give rise to explosions than most other kinds of petroleum. During combustion the Caucasian variety only slightly carbonizes the wick of a lamp.

Prof. Scheibler, of Berlin, has invented a process for the production of phosphoric acid from the slag made in the Thomas Gilchrist method. The slag, having been roasted in an oxidizing flame, is pulverized and sifted. The powder is dissolved in hydrochloric acid, and the solution saturated with lime-water. The resulting product contains from 35 to 37 per cent. of phosphoric acid in the form of bibasic phosphate of lime, and a second roasting yields a substance in which the content of phosphoric acid is as high as 45 per cent.

A description is given in the *English Mechanic* of what appears to be a novel electric bell. The battery is contained in a cylinder of brass, inside which the line wire can be coiled by turning a little winch handle, and the gong is carried at one end of the brass case, serving as a cover for the magnet, etc. The case is provided with legs, so that the arrangement can be placed in a horizontal position, and there is also a ring, which enables it to be suspended wherever it may be desired. The outside dimensions of the whole apparatus are six inches by four inches.

One of the best electric light systems was recently introduced into the Court Theatre at Stuttgart. Quite unexpectedly the orchestra immediately showed signs that they disapproved of the new means of illumination, and they have petitioned the management to restore the old oil lamps. The orchestra state that the brilliancy of the electric lights has an unpleasant effect up the nerves, and that it has become difficult to follow the baton of the conductor. To ascertain whether there may not be something substantial in these alleged grievances a committee of oculists and disinterested musicians have been officially appointed.

2000 yards of best calicoes; all styles—Garmans.

Macrame in all shades—Garmans.

LOTTO-PLAYERS AND DREAMS.

Lotto-players rely on chance circumstances, omens, and dreams for the numbers they desire to play. Thus, if a bull were to break loose from five men, to run 33 paces, and to stop opposite a house the number of which was 96, the spectators would rush to the nearest bank and lay their money on 5, 38, 96. In the same way, if they were to dream of numbers, they would at once back them. The misfortune is that neither circumstances nor dreams are generally so clear as the examples above given. But the genius of the nation has been equal to the occasion. Various books have been published, several of a formidable size, which undertake to reduce everything one can possibly see, or, more especially, dream of, to a number for the purposes of the game. The present writer was once compelled to pass two days in a village inn where the only literature attainable was such a book, and he earnestly endeavored to discover on what principles the numbers were arranged, but could find none. This may have been the fault of his own dullness, for when he came to look a little further he found abundant reason to admire the ingenuity of the author. He cannot guarantee the correctness of the details or the numbers; but, on the whole, the impression he gives is, he believes, correct. You have dreamed of a tree, and turn to the infallible oracle: a tree is 9, but a dead tree is 37, and a green one 40; so far all is clear; but then a leafless tree is 96. Who but a botanist of the most inveterate kind can distinguish a dead from a leafless tree when he is dreaming? But this is not all. Every forest tree known in Italy has its own peculiar number, and so if you have dreamed of a Winter landscape you are left to decide, not only the difficult question whether it was a simple, a dead or a leafless tree that appeared to you in the visions of the night, but also whether it was oak, beach, chestnut, or some species whose name you never heard. Your success depends upon your choice, and if you lose your money your neighbors will soon discover that it is you, not the book, that is to blame. It is still more diverting, however, to discover that a single number represents your stepmother, a pancake, a giraffe, Napoleon I., and a frog croaking upon a stone. In a word, it is the very exactness of the book that renders it at once so mysterious and so infallible.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S HIDING PLACE.

An interesting discovery was made by Thomas Alling a few days ago at the old Benedict Arnold house in Water street, New Haven, Conn. In taking out a portion of the garret floor he found a vault, which is supposed to have been used by Arnold during the war of the Revolution as a hiding place for suspects or fugitives whom he wished to befriend. The lifting of some of the garret floor planking revealed the pocket or square, and is plastered on the sides. Two or more persons could remain in concealment there without being crowded. The vault is located by the side of the large old-fashioned chimney. On the floor adjacent to the vault formerly stood a large bookcase, and it is supposed that through this entrance was obtained to the hiding place. Inside the vault are plain evidences of a former staircase extending to a small enclosed space on another side of the chimney. This place, which is now plastered up, is supposed to have been a sort of a closet. Whether Arnold used the vault for secreting Tories or the patriots, built it to afford a retreat for himself, no one knows. That it should have remained undiscovered until Mr. Alling accidentally found it shows that it was well designed for the purpose which led to its construction.

A LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S LIFE.

The keepers of the light-house lead, as a rule, very monotonous lives. Their duties are to see that the lights are carefully trimmed and cleaned every day, and to repeat this operation as many times a day as the case may require. In stormy weather the lights must be trimmed more frequently than in fine weather. He is expected to sit up till eleven o'clock at night, at which time, if the weather is good and the light is working properly, he is allowed to lie down for two or three hours' rest. After examining the light about three o'clock in the morning, he must be up soon after daylight and extinguish the light. At ten o'clock he is expected to begin cleaning up the light and putting things in order for the ensuing night. In some of the large light-houses four keepers are employed. When the light-house is on some reef, surrounded by deep water, the lonely keepers are often worried with a fancy that the foundations are crumbling beneath them. This is more apt to be the case during the prevalence of a heavy storm, when the furious gusts of wind seem to make the tower rock. The men can occasionally obtain a few days' leave of absence. The keepers are paid in proportion to the importance of the lights, and the amount of labor required. Their wages range from twenty-five dollars a month upward, and they are also supplied with food.

You will notice the reformed drunkard or the newly converted sinner, notwithstanding he pretends to be ashamed of his past career, never knows when to leave off bragging over it. He may be ashamed of it, but he nevertheless glories in a dark room without employment.

For burns, scalds, bruises and all pain and soreness of the flesh, the grand household remedy is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Be sure you get the genuine.

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BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FOR THE WHISKERS

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PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY.

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IN THOUSANDS OF CASES

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As a remedy for Catarrh Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil stands at the top. It cured me, and I believe will cure any case.
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Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 25, 1881

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TO THE SETTING SUN.

Down, down, thou goest, sinking to thy
nightly rest,
Crowning distant mountain tops with a
gold and silver crest.
Darting back thy fiery beams through the
woodland's density,
Casting shadows long and large as thou
lookest back of thee.
The timid, lonely cow-boy pauses, frighted
and alarmed,
To see in far-off windows fires burning, yet
unharmed.

Red and redder glowest thou as on thou
sinkest down,
Casting on the pale full moon a stern dis-
trustful frown,
As if thou feared'st to intrust to her the
keeping of the earth,
Until thou unto another day can'st gra-
ciously give birth.
But thou must hide thy frown as it slowly
feebler grows,
And leave the wearied world to sweet si-
lence and repose.

THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

"Married!" said Mrs. Bubble—"married! And without neither wedding cake nor new bonnet, nor so much as a neighbor called in to witness the ceremony! And to Abel Jones, as is as poor as poverty itself! Mary, I never could have believed it of you!"

Pretty Mary Bubble's brown eyes sparkled, half with exultation, half with vague fear.

"It was out in 'Squire Larkins' garden, mother," said she. "'Squire Larkins was there, and Miss Jennie Wynward and Mr. Hall. Abel was shingling the ice-house roof, and he said it must be now or never, because he couldn't endure the suspense. And the 'squire is a justice of the peace, and I've got a certificate, all legal and right—see, mother! And as for being poor, why, Abel has his trade, and no one can deny that he is an industrious, temperate young man; and please, mother," flinging both arms around the old lady's neck, "if you'll forgive me for disobeying you this once, I never, never will do it again!"

So Mrs. Bubble—although, to use her own words, she never could get over the mortification of having a daughter married by a "justice of the peace"—finally forgave bright-eyed Mary, and consented that Abel Jones should set up his shop at the foot of the farm lane, there to commence the conflict of life.

"Though I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Bubble, "that he never will earn his living; and I did hope, Mary, you would have married some one who could at least have cleared the mortgage off the old place."

But Abel and Mary were happy. Where Youth and Love are sitting in life's sunshine, old Crœsus is one too many. Let him go his way; who cares for him!

"We shall get along," said Abel.

"Of course we shall get along!" said Mary.

And thus matters stood, when Mrs. 'Squire Larkins, with a young friend in flounced white muslin, stopped at the Bubble farmhouse to drink a glass of milk and eat some of Mrs. Bubble's cherry short-cake.

"I hope the bride is well," said Mrs. Larkins, laughing.

"Tol'able, thank you," said Mrs. Bubble. "She's gone up to Deacon Faraday's to get their recipe for makin' soft-soap. Abel's well, too, thankee. He's in the shop, now, at work. His hammer is sort o' company for me when I sit here alone. I don't deny as he's a decent young man enough, if he wasn't as poor as Job's turkey! And with Mary's face, and her term at boarding-school, she'd ought to done better."

"What beautiful old chests of drawers!" cried Miss Wynward, ecstatically. "What lovely brass ornaments! And what picturesque claw legs!"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Larkins, "It is over a hundred years old. Everybody has heard of Mrs. Bubble's antique chest of drawers!"

"Oh, ma'am, it ain't the same," said Mrs. Bubble. "It ain't the old one at all. I sold the old one a month ago."

"Sold it!" echoed Mrs. 'Squire Larkins.

"I didn't want to sell it," said Mrs. Bubble, looking imploringly over the edge of her spectacle glasses. "It was given to me, you know, ma'am, when my father's estate was settled up, and the old furnitoor was divided. My brother John's wife she wanted 'The Death of Jonathan,' in a gilt frame, with cord and tassels; so she says, says she:

" 'Sophiar, you can take the old chist o' draw's.'

"And I knew I was bein' cheated then; but, la! what's the use of trouble among one's relations? So says I:

" 'Have it your own way, Abigail Ann.'

"And she took home 'The Death of Jonathan,' and I took the chist o' draw's. And Abel he fixed it up dreadful nice, with a little sand paper and varnish, and it was handy to keep old letters and samples of patchwork and paper patterns in. But when that fine young lady from the city, as is boarding at Doctor Holloway's offered me twenty-five dollars for it, it seemed a wicked sin to refuse so much money; so I sold it. And John's wife, she couldn't hardly believe her ears when she heard tell of it. And she says, says she:

" 'Sophiar, don't you s'pose you could sell "The Death of Jonathan" for the same money?'

"And I knew just how she felt, and I wasn't a bit sorry for her, for she always was a graspin' thing. But after it had gone away in Doctor Holloway's wagon, I began to miss it, and I fairly set down and cried. And Abel, he says:

" 'Cheer up, mother,' says he. 'I'll make you another one like it!'

"And so he did. And there it is," said Mrs. Bubble, with honest pride, "and you'd never know but what it was the same old chist o' draw's. He's darkened it down, 'iled it up, and turned out claw legs, and beat out a set of old brasses to cover the keyholes, until you never would know the difference. And I'm just as well satisfied as I was before."

So Mrs. Bubble put on her things and went to the sewing society when Mrs. Larkins and Miss Wynward were gone, so that there was no one in the big, airy kitchen when Professor Eldred and his two daughters—maiden ladies of unchronicled age—alighted from their open box-wagon, and stopped in for a drink of water.

There was the well under the bowery apple blossoms at the back; and there was the gourd-shell, lying in the grass beside the sweep; and the cleanly-scrubbed kitchen floor, with its rag rugs at the doors; and the ancient clock, ticking away in its corner; and the old chest of drawers, between the two windows.

"Pa," cried Miss Etheldreda Eldred, putting up her eye-glasses, "what a lovely piece of workmanship!"

"Quite medieval! sighed Miss Ermengarde. "We must have this old Revolutionary relic in our drawing-room, pa!"

The professor stared around him.

"There's nobody to ask the price of, my dear," said he.

"That's just like pa!" said Miss Etheldreda. "Don't you hear somebody hammering somewhere? There's a carpenter shop just down the lane. Go and inquire—do!"

Abel Jones was working diligently away at a step-ladder, when the professor's bald head was thrust into his shop.

"Eh?" said Abel, looking very handsome in his shirt sleeves and a scarlet necktie.

"I wish you a very good morning, sir!" said the professor, politely.

"Same to you, sir!" said Abel.

"I wish," said the professor, "to inquire the price of that beautiful old brass-mounted chest of drawers in the kitchen of the house yonder. My daughters—"

"No price at all' sir," said Abel. "It ain't for sale."

"If a liberal remuneration, sir, would be any inducement to you—"

"Not for sale," good-humoredly repeated Abel. "Nothing would induce my mother-in-law to part with it."

"An old family relic, eh?" remarked the professor.

'Exactly," said Abel.

And he went on hammering and whistling the tune of "Robin Adair," while the professor made his way back through the prickly hedge of gooseberry bushes and black currants.

Half an hour afterward Mary, the pretty first cause of all Abel Jones' romantic adventures, ran into the shop. They had been married for over three months now, but Abel's smile of welcome was no less bright than it had been in the days of the honeymoon.

"Bless me, Polly!" said he. "What is the matter? You look half scared to death!"

"And no wonder," said Mary. "There have been burglars at the house. Mothers chest of drawers is gone!"

"What!" shouted Abel.

"And these were left under one of the volumes of 'Barnes' Notes on the Gospel' on the kitchen table!" breathlessly added Marry, displaying five ten-dollar bills in the palm of her hand.

"Upon—my—word!" said Abel. "It's the old fellow with the bald head, Polly, and the spectacles, you may depend upon it. I thought he looked like an old furniture dealer."

Alas, poor Abel! not to be able to discriminate between a second-hand storekeeper and the Professor of Æsthetics and Belles Lettres in Higley University! But such is life!

"But it's stealing!" cried Mary, breathlessly.

"Well, not exactly," said Abel, laughing. "The old thing itself wasn't worth ten dollars. If they choose to value it at fifty, why it ain't bad for us in the light of a pecuniary transaction, eh, Polly?"

"But what will mother say?" pleaded Mary.

"I've got another one nearly finished," said Abel. "I was meaning to sell it to Mr. Hartington. But I'll just set it up in the old place, and mother will never care whether its number one or number two that's there."

So that when Mrs. Bubble came home from the sewing society Abel was just setting up a new chest of drawers, and Mary eagerly related to her the tale of the burglary, for so she still persisted in calling it.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs Bubble. "Fifty and twenty-five makes seventy-five. I'm glad I didn't take 'The Death of Jonathan'!"

"This means business," said Abel to himself.

And he set diligently to work to manufacture still other duplicates of the "chist o' draw's," staining them a dark rich brown, and beating out odd, shell-shaped decorations to complete the illusion. And when the curiosity hunter came up the road, embowered in elms, where it required considerable engineering for one load of hay to pass another, Abel sat whistling on his door-step, ready to drive a bargain.

"Any old furniture or antiques to sell?" the hunter would blandly inquire.

"Not a stick!" said Abel; and then, after a minute's blank silence on the part of the pioneers of the æsthetic, he would add: "Unless you'd like to look at this 'ere chist o' draw's as I've just tinkered up. I can't say, up and down, you know, as it's old; but there it is. You can look for yourselves. There ain't no date on it. I don't care whether I sell it or not. I ain't none of your bargain drivers. If you like it, pay what you think is right; if you don't, why there ain't no harm done!"

So that no less than seven editions of the chest of drawers were sold before the season was over. They became the fashion. Every person who bought one had a vague hope of having something a little different from his neighbors. And some of them have never yet ceased looking for hidden treasures, old papers or outlawed wills among the pigeon-holes and compartments.

And when the season ended and the city boarders went back to their brick-and-mortar wildernesses, Abel brought his mother-in-law a plethoric pocket-book.

"Three hundred and sixty-five dollars, mother," said he. "Enough to pay off the last instalment of the mortgage on the old farm. We couldn't have made more money than that if we'd kept a house full of boarders, as Polly wanted to do; but I don't mean Polly to be at the beck and call of a dozen fine ladies, and work her roses off, not while I'm able to work for her."

And the report of Abel Jones' good luck spread far and wide through all the country side. Mrs. Hopper, the "Abigail Ann" of Mrs. Bubble's legendary reminiscences, heard the great news and drove down from Plum Hill to inquire into it.

"If it's true as you've found five hundred dollars," said she, dolefully, "in that old chist o' draw's, its the law as all the heirs should divide equally, Sophiar Bubble."

"But it ain't true," said Mrs. Bubble.

"Oh," said Mrs. Hopper, "I told my husband as it was all a made-up story!"

"Not that exactly, neither," said Mrs. Bubble, laughing.

And then she related the precise circumstances of the case.

Mrs. Hopper drew a long breath.

"I wish I hadn't chose 'The Death of Jonathan,'" said she. "The cord broke last week, and it fell down and smashed my best set of china. I never had no luck with it."

"And served you right for your greed and rapacity!" said Abel Jones, *sotto voce*, to Mary, who, in the next room, was helping him to varnish a set of hanging shelves.

"Hush-sh-sh!" whispered Mary.

While old Mrs. Bubble smiled and remarked, sagely, that "nobody never knew exactly how things was goin' to turn out."

"But," she added, wiping her spectacle-glasses, "that chist o' draw's certainly did bring me good luck. It's paid off the last of the old mortgage, and laid in a stock o' real black walnut for Abel to work with, and got a new navy-blue cashmere for Mary. And if that ain't luck I don't know what is."

A Bit of Horse Talk.

"I suppose," said a well-known horse dealer to a Boston reporter, "that for carriage hosses, there's nothin' finer'n English 'Cleveland bays.' We have some in this country, though they're scarce and gen'ally called coach hosses. They are called as they are 'cause of their bay color and black points, an average of 16 to 17 hands high. The first one I ever saw I see in Canada, an imported one. They are high steppers, have small heads an' arching necks, an' are of good style an' appearance. Their trotting action is from the shoulder, and a pair of 'em 'ill rattle off a heavy barouche in fine shape, I tell you. A good pair would bring from $2,000 to $4,000; but you can't get many of 'em, 'cause they're not to be had. Have the right kind, matched up close, and they would bring almost any price—such fellows as Vanderbilt would buy 'em."

"Some people say that the French coaching stallions that are being brought to this country have too much of the Percheron or cart-horse strain in them. Do you think so?"

"No, I don't. There is no better bred horse than a genuine French coaching stallion, and I believe Dahlman, of New York, has done as much as any man in the country to improve American horses, both coach an draft. He's brought over this year thirty-one coaching stallions, besides his Norman stallions. They was mostly chestnuts, and very high knee actors, standin' 16 to 16½ hands high. He has 'em in York State, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan.

They sold as high as $3,500 each. Dahlman bought 'em of the French government, for they are the very best to be had. He also brought over thirteen mares. They are such hosses, you know, as you'd stop to look at on the street; high knee action an' lots of style, what the French people like. They was all blood hosses; every one that handles hosses knows what they are. When I was in New York I see the French working stallion Incroyable, which Dahlman sold to Vanderbilt. He was a 3-year-old, 16 hands high, gentle as a kitten, and as fine a horse for his age as I ever saw in my life. Good stallions don't amount to much, however, if you haven't got good mares. A good many people don't seem to bear that in mind."

"How about lighter blooded stock?"

"Well, some of the finest 15 to 15.3 hand high hosses for such vehicles as T-carts, dog-carts, phætons, etc., come from Kentucky. They are better than most of the others, because they have the blood. That'll tell, every time. Some very fair ones of this class, cob-built, come from Maine. Everybody likes that build of hoss if he has good action. They are an easy kept hoss, an' a hoss that wears better than these long-legged, loose-made hosses. They are just the kind for four-in-hands, in fact they are good anywhere; fine, general-purpose hosses. They are worth from $800 to $2,500 a pair, according to style, action and quality. For a lady's phæton you want a hoss a little smaller, one about 15¼ to 15 hands high, of Morgan build. A fast hoss that is too small for racing is very good for this purpose."

"Too small?"

"Yes, a good many fast hosses are too small to stand the work of a race-course. You occasionally find very fast small hosses, but where you'll find one fast one 14½ hands high, you'll find ten a hand higher. They hain't got the foot to carry 'em; they can't get there as a bigger hoss. Good looks is a mighty important consideration in a lady's phæton hoss. A lady is sure to want a hoss with a long mane an' tail, archin' neck, silky coat, etc., an' such hosses is rare. Maine is a good place to look for 'em, and they'll bring from $300 to $600 apiece."

"How about trotting horses?"

"Well, a man needn't pay so much for a trotter, unless he wants one that can go better'n 30. If he's satisfied with one that will trot in the neighborhood of 2.45, he can get one for $100 or less. When you get below 2.20 there ain't no regular price; it's regulated by the customer. Of course you know some of the fastest of 'em have brought enormous prices—as high as $50,000."

The Metal Nickel.

The metal nickel has been made familiar to nearly every one by its extensive use in plating metallic surfaces, in which it has largely replaced the more expensive and less durable silver. In its pure metallic form it is not very well known, probably not so well as it will be, and there are even those who claim that it is the coming metal for uses to which it is much better adapted than the more expensive silver and the more easily oxidizable iron and steel. It is safe to say that its importance in the arts is now very generally recognized, and that its uses are destined to be vastly multiplied. It is not many years since nickel was first separated from its impurities in commercial quantities and utilized in its pure state without alloy or contamination by sulphur, arsenic or other elements with which it is universally combined in its natural state. As to its geographical distribution, it may be said that it is found in many localities, and in various parts of the world; but only in a few places has it been found in sufficient quantities and of sufficient richness to be worked with commercial success. The recent discoveries in New Caledonia (an island lying east of and near Australia) have given such importance and commercial cheapness to the metal as to bring it into economical uses heretofore unknown. This locality is at present the main source of supply to the world. The only place in the United States where it has been extensively mined is at Lancaster Gap, Pa. This is the well known mine of Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia. He is now the only producer of metallic nickel in the United States. The ore from this mine contains in bulk from one and a half to two per cent. of nickel. It is worked into a commercial state at Mr. Wharton's extensive works at Camden, N. J. The important deposits of nickel recently found in Nevada are now attracting attention. These deposits are said to be rich in oxides of nickel and cobalt. The grade of this ore is claimed to be as high as sixteen per cent. nickel, or nickel and cobalt. Nickel is now worked so as to be ductile and malleable. This is to be viewed as a new material, a new gift to the industrial arts, with an unknown number of applications before it. Its most extensive use at present is in the arts of plating, and in the production of German silver. For coinage there has been a large demand, which is no doubt destined to be greatly increased as its advantages and economy are better understood. In the last twenty years it has varied in price from $1 to $4 per pound. The price in England in 1883 was quoted (in a memorial to Congress) at seventy cents per pound. In the form of anodes for plating, etc., it commands a much higher price. From 1876 to 1882 the price was on the average upward of $1.40 per pound for large contracts. The production from the Gap mine to 1883 is estimated at about 4,000,000 pounds. If the mines in Nevada turn out as expected the importation of nickel to this country will not be necessary.

Mlle. Lix.

Among the rewards recently granted by the National Society of France for the encouragement of virtue a medal was conferred on Mlle Antoinette Lix, "ex-lieutenant" of the Polish army, and an "ex-Franc Tireur" of the war of 1870. Mlle. Lix, whose home is in the Vosges, is at present visiting friends in Paris. The story of this remarkable woman's life reads like a romance. Mlle. Lix is forty-five years old. She is the daughter of an ex-officer of Charles X. and of Louis XVIII. She was born in Colmar. Having lost her mother, she was brought up like a boy by her father, who dressed her up to her eighth year in boy's clothes. At the age of 12 she rode on horseback, and fencing was her favorite exercise. Mlle. Lix, at the age of 17, having a good education and knowing English and German, was summoned to Poland by the Countess L——, who entrusted her with the education of her niece.

The war of independence, which broke out in 1863, gave an opportunity for the manifestation of the energetic character and noble nature of the young governess under the following circumstances: A friend of Count L., General B., the leader of the patriots, was about to be surprised, with the whole of his detachment, by the Russians. Mlle. Lix heard of this, dressed herself in man's clothes, and rode on horseback to inform the general, but she arrived only just in time to see him fall in the fight. The courageous governess then rallied the soldiers, who were already retreating, reinspired them with courage, and placing herself at the head of the troops, won the battle. This splendid action gained for her the rank of lieutenant, which she accepted, and she continued the campaign under the name of "Lieutenant Tony." Her companions were ignorant of her sex; but one day during a skirmish she was wounded by a lance in the breast and was nursed by Mlle. de Wolowski, whom she had previously known. Sister Felisienne recognized Mlle. Lix, carried her away and nursed her during six weeks. Mlle. de Wolowski promised to keep Lieutenant Tony's secret, and as the young woman had recovered agreed to carry an important despatch to a patriot leader, but she was made a prisoner by the Russians, and saved her life only by a passport which was made out in her brother's name. Mlle. Lix, having been taken back to the frontier, rejoined the Countess L. in Dresden, and during her residence in that city attended a course of the medical lectures. When she returned to France, in 1866, the cholera was raging in the north. During the whole duration of the epidemic Mlle. Lix attended the poor people suffering with the cholera, and as a reward for her devotion the government entrusted her with the post office at Lamarche, in Vosges, where, as soon as she arrived, she established a free industrial school for poor girls.

The war of 1870-71 broke out. Again dressed in man's apparel Mlle. Lix enlisted, and as a lieutenant in a company of sharpshooters from the Vosges she took part in the battle of Bourgonce-Nompatelize. M. Lemoy, one of the eye-witnesses of this battle, has related how "Lieutenant Tony" rallied the soldiers who were dispersing. "Stand firm, comrades," she said, "it is with head erect that Frenchmen should receive the Prussian bullets!"

Not satisfied with leading the troops in the battle, Mlle. Lix nursed the wounded that fell at her side. After her company had been united with the Garibaldian soldiers, she devoted herself exclusively to the ambulance service. In that capacity she was present at the battle of Lamarche, where she displayed remarkable devotion and self-abnegation.

For six years she was employed in the postal service in the Vosges, where she won the esteem and affection of all. Being attacked with rheumatism, the result of the campaign of 1870, she gave up her employment, and with government aid she was established in a tobacco shop at Bordeaux, the proceeds from which provide for her modest wants. Mlle. Lix walks with difficulty with the aid of crutches.

Choice of Occupation.

Parents often complain that their sons have been to school all their lives, have no choice of occupation, or that they choose to be accountants or clerks, instead of manufacturers or mechanics. These complaints are invariably unreasonable; for how can one choose at all or wisely when he knows so little?

I confidently believe that the development of the manual elements in school will prevent those serious errors in the choice of a vocation which too often wreck the fondest hopes. It is not assumed that every boy who enters a manual training school is to be a mechanic; his training leaves him free. No pupils were ever more unprejudiced, better prepared to look below the surface, less the victims of a false gentility. Some find that they have no taste for manual arts, and will turn into other paths—law, medicine, or literature. Great facility in the acquisition and the use of language is often accompanied by a lack of either mechanical interest or power. When such a bias is discovered the lad should unquestionably be sent to his grammar and dictionary rather than to the laboratory or draughting room. On the other hand, decided aptitude for handicraft is not unfrequently coupled with a strong aversion to and unfitness for abstracts and theoretical investigations. There can be no doubt that, in such cases, more time should be spent in the shop, and less in the lecture and recitation room. Some who develop both natural skill and strong intellectual powers will push on through the polytechnic school into professional life, as engineers and scientists. Others will find their greatest usefulness, as well as highest happiness, in the positions into which they will readily step when they leave school. All will gain intellectually by their experience in contact with things. The grand result will be an increasing interest in manufacturing pursuits, more intelligent mechanics, more successful manufacturers, better lawyers, more skillful physicians, and more useful citizens.

Two Noted Railway Dogs.

There is a famous traveling dog in England known as "Railway Jack." He spends the greater part of his time in making excursions over the railroads of the kingdom, and has even been in Scotland and France. Of course the railway hands all know him, and a few months ago, when he was run over and lost a leg, they were all extremely sympathetic, and took great pains to convey him home. After Jack got out again he resumed his travels, and quite recently the English papers had an account of the attentions paid him by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who met him at a railroad junction waiting for a train.

There is another dog, a pure Scotch collie named "Help," who has not been as long known as Jack, and leads a similar life, though more useful. He is employed to make collections for the "railway servants' orphan fund," and in this service brings in, on an average, over $10 a week. This amounts to enough, in the course of a year, to support six orphan children. He carries on this honorable canvass on all the railways, being "employed" by a charitable society. He has visited a great number of the chief cities in England and Wales, and has twice crossed the channel to France.

This useful dog has a plated medal attached to his collar bearing the following inscription: "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and traveling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is No. 306 City road, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged." Help makes his circuit of the train under the eye of the conductor. He does not perform any tricks, but silently exhibits his medal. First and last, he makes his appeal to the majority of British travelers. After this we have no excuse for saying that dogs are only good as targets for a stone.

End of the Act.

The Wilhelm Theatre, Berlin, is built on part of a garden. At the end of each act the audience go into the garden until a bell rings to give notice of the next. The second act of "Trovatore" is compressed into twelve minutes, and a recent visitor says that the audience evidently expected more of it, for no one stirred. A notice, "End of the Act," rose out of the stage, and in two minutes the exodus was complete. Each time the entire audience went out in less than two minutes and refilled the house in less than three. The eating and drinking was not done hastily at a bar, but leisurely done at tables. The waiter in a few seconds would cover a table with a cloth, knives and forks, plates, &c., and people had a series of little meals between the acts, while the others walked about until the bell rang.

Distrust is poison to friendship.
Principle is a passion for truth.
Punishment is lame but it comes.

Fair Match-Lighters.

The ravages of the woman suffrage question in the domain of man's special privileges, which hitherto have been considered a just basis for his claim to superiority over the fair sex, have not hitherto revealed themselves as trespassing upon man's proud distinction of being the only work of creation able to light a match on his person, and it was with a sad shock that the fact was brought home to a reporter that the trousers of men must hereafter divide with woman the glory of the sulphurous halo which has made breeches her envy for 6,000 years.

As he sat in front of an Olive street, St. Louis, residence, he was about to light a cigar, when the match was rudely blown out. Before he had time to light another, the fair form by his side arose and lightly pirouetting on one foot lowered her arm quickly. The next moment there was a flash, and the girlish hand extended a lighted match to her companion with the remark: "I know it was awfully rude to blow out your light, but the rules of our society compel me to."

"Your church society?"

"Why, certainly not. It is our own organizing, and is called the Slipper and Shoe Match-lighting Society. About a month ago a party of young ladies met to consider what they could do to advance the cause of woman's rights, and, after several aspiring speakers had been dissuaded from going out to lecture, they decided to organize this society. We have met to practice three or four times since, and are going to meet oftener when winter comes. We number in our ranks some of the best-known society ladies in St. Louis, and some of us have become so expert that we are not afraid to try conclusions with any gentleman using his antiquated method. We have the most nimble young lady to teach us and we will go through the practice programme like a class in calisthenics. We are expected to wear in practice our ordinary dress, so that we may be at perfect ease when called upon to supply young gentleman with lights. There is nothing in what we learn that is not refined. We just turn upward the sole of our slipper or shoe, and bending quickly down can strike the match before our escort or company is aware. All of us can do it as gracefully as we can pick up a pin. Several leading physicians have recommended it as conducing to ease of carriage. Yes, sir; you may depend upon it that the women of to-day are slowly breaking away from the fetters that have always bound them, and we expect soon to have a membership of a hundred."

Romeo and Juliet.

In these realistic days, even the unfortunate lovers of Verona are stripped of their idealism. The popular idea of the the play of "Romeo and Juliet" is that it is a story of two innocents loving each other, yet by untoward fate kept asunder, owing to the rivalry of their respective families. What, however, are the facts? Romeo is a young gentleman, who is always fancying himself in love. The passion is eternal, but the object varies. He has been pestering all his friends about his adoration for a certain Rosaline. No sooner does he see Juliet than she replaces Rosaline in his heart. With Juliet he gets on better than with Rosaline, but had it not been for the stratagem of the friar, and for his own reckless folly when he is told that she is dead, in a month later, he would probably have met some other fair one at a ball, and Juliet would have been deserted in her turn. As for Juliet, she is what her father calls her, a baggage. If she is a representative of female virtue in Verona, one cannot help asking what female vice was in that city? Romeo and Juliet see each other for the first time at a ball. They are naturally attracted to each other, before either has heard the other speak. Their flirtation is of the most *pronounced* kind, for after interchanging a few words they incontinently kiss each other. The very evening Romeo scales the wall of old Capulet's garden, and finds Juliet on a balcony informing the moon of her love. Romeo feels that his lines have fallen in facile ways. They vow eternal fidelity, etc., and Juliet makes an appointment to marry him for the next day. She cannot, however, even wait for the promised hour, and at early morning sends messages to her adorer by her nurse. They meet, and at once induce a friar to marry them. In the evening Romeo climbs up by a ladder into Juliet's room. Then comes the news that she is to marry Count Paris. Romeo kills Tybalt in a brawl. Juliet declines to marry two men in one week, and by a mischance the two lovers commit suicide.

A Genuine Freeze Out.

Another effect of the curious San Francisco climate is of considerable interest to strangers, as it makes nine out of every ten sick the first week they are here. The traveler from New York, or even Canada, coming here at this season does not bring his furs and flannels. Before getting to California he crosses thousands of miles of plains and deserts, and is nearly baked. He smiles if a San Franciscan happens to be along and talks of overcoats, and, if the San Franciscan is a smaller man, feels like knocking him down when he sits up and watches him wipe the perspiration off his brow and talk about cold winds and flannels.

It must be confessed that along the Arizona or Utah desert, with the thermometer boiling in the shade, the easterner has a right to feel angry with the San Franciscan's talk, and even until Oakland, only three miles from the city, is reached, his incredulity seems justified; but now it is different. Mark the change that a short three miles brings. Mark how a paltry half-dollar will draw that self-confident easterner up, will chill and turn blue his erstwhile smiling lips. The keen wind sweeps across the bay, and by the time the ferry lands at Market Street, San Francisco, climate has got in its work, and the easterner goes to bed shivering, while one of the porters goes out and gets him a "back-warmer" and some winter clothing. Wealthy people here go away in the summer to get warm, instead of cool, and about the first of every June the furs and flannels are packed away, while paterfamilias buys his ticket for Los Angeles and other hot resorts.

From experiments made on goats, M. Paul Bert infers that the sugar of milk is produced by the mammary secretion of the superabundant sugar formed by the organisms after parturition, and most probably in the liver.

THE WHOLESOMENESS OF BREAD.—Miss Juliet Corson, treats the bread question, as all other details of cookery, from the practical point of view. She says a good word for aerated bread, made of dough, into which carbonic acid gas is forced, and baked before the bubbles have a chance to escape. The main objection to fresh yeast bread for dyspeptics is that it is soft, and therefore too easily swollen, whereas the "stale" bread requires much mastication. If sufferers who have been avoiding new bread will take the same trouble in chewing it as they are compelled to do with the old, they will get all the advantage of their patience in the more palatable article. The fresh bread eater really taxes his digestion with a much larger mass of spongy quality than the stale bread eater, and one which has not been as well broken up by the action of the saliva. If dyspeptics were careful to take the smallest mouthfuls at a time they would find even fresh bread more manageable, with sufficient chewing, than is supposed. In the choice of flours, that made from hard winter wheat is the richest in gluten; in Europe it is used for making the different varieties of macaroni; the brown bread of Europe is made from this wheat ground entire. Soft spring wheat yields a white flour rich in starch. Bran bread may be very irritating to some invalids, so "Graham bread" and the "wholemeal" fashion should only be adopted when it is proved to be satisfactory. The particles of bran may cause an irritation of the alimentary canal and produce diarrhœa. Undoubtedly this irritation or stimulus may be exactly what is needed by some constitutions.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

NICE BEEF STEW.—To make an appetizing beef stew, take out the bone and bind the pieces of beef tightly, putting a lemon, pared and cut in two, and some herbs in before binding. Place it in as small a stew-pan or kettle as will allow of its being covered with water. Let it cool slowly and gently; do not add any water unless absolutely necessary. Slice a large onion and fry it brown, and add to the water also any sliced vegetables you choose, or cook the vegetables in a kettle by themselves and serve on a platter with the beef. If you do not add any water you will have a very rich gravy, and a portion of it may be reserved for soup stock.

Prominent Butter Makers.

There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Cheever of Massachusetts, E. D. Mason, Vermont, Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin. Use it, and recommend it as superior to all others.

CODFISH WITH CREAM.—Pick out carefully in flakes all the flesh from the remnants of some boiled codfish; melt a piece of butter in a saucepan, and add to it a large pinch of flour and a gill of milk or cream, with pepper, salt and grated nutmeg to taste, also the least bit of cayenne; stir well, put in the fish, and gently shake it in this sauce until quite warm. If the composition be too dry, add a little milk or cream: then add, off the fire, the yolks of two eggs beaten up with a little milk, and serve. If one objects to wet toast, the edges only of the slices may be dipped in boiling water before the toast is buttered, and it will then be more tempting and eatable than if perfectly dry.

Petroleum is a natural production, and as nature never makes a mistake Carboline, made from pure petroleum, is a certain invigorator for diseased and sickly hair, and where once used will never be substituted by any other.

CORN LOAF.—Four eggs, whites and yolks beaten as light as possible, separately; one quart of corn meal; quarter of a pound of butter; two quarts of boiling milk; a teaspoonful of salt mixed well with the corn meal, Melt the butter in the milk and scald the corn meal until it becomes perfectly smooth; then add the light yolks, and lastly the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a quick oven. Half the quantity will make a good sized loaf.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

BEEF SOUP.—Take four pounds of fresh beef, or what is better and more economical, a nice beef shank or "soup bone;" put it in to four or five quarts of water, salt it, let it boil slowly five or six hours, skim well. Half an hour before you wish to take it up, put in a cup partly full of rice, a small quantity of potatoes, carrots, onions and celery, cut in small pieces. Mutton soup can be made in the same manner.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—Remove the skins from a dozen tomatoes; cut them up in a saucepan; add a little butter, pepper and salt; when sufficiently boiled beat up five or six eggs, and just before you serve turn them into the saucepan with the tomatoes and stir one way for two minutes, allowing, them time to be done thoroughly.

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, chilblains.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, four cups of flour, one tablespoonful of ginger, the same of cinnamon, one small teaspoonful of cloves, one small cup of butter, melted; three well-beaten eggs, one small even tablespoonful of soda. Mix these ingredients together, and just before putting into the baking dish stir in one cup of boiling water. Bake twenty minutes.

HE was a small boy, with dirt on his nose and a faded straw hat on his head, and feet long unwashed. He walked boldly up the steps, pulled the bell, and when the lady came to the door he said:

"Say, can you lend ma your telephone for a few minits?"

"Why, I can't!" she gasped out.

"We'll bring it back in half an hour."

"But I can't lend it child. You don't seem to know what a telephone is. Who are you?"

"We live around the corner—just moved in, and we want to be neigborly. I tried to borrow your wheelbarrow and shovel, but your boy wouldn't lend 'em, and our hired girl has been over to borrow tea and sugar and couldn't get any. We kinder thought we might borrow your telephone or something, and ma would bring it back and get a chance to see your style, and ask you to run in with your old clothes on!"

In the Shade.

Hon. R. C. Payne, City Alderman, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, writes: "I have been a great sufferer with rheumatism for years and have tried every known remedy, including galvanic batteries and Turkish Baths. Finally I tried St. Jacob's Oil the great pain-cure and can positively say it gave me instantaneous relief. It puts all other remedies in the shade."

A BARBER'S book-keeping: "No, sir," said a Comstock. Nev., barber to a suspicious-looking transient customer, who affably remarked as the lather was being laid on that he supposed there were a good many men who failed to pay their shaving scores. "No, sir. I used to give credit, but I never do now—in fact, nobody ever asks for tick any more." "How's that?" "Well, you see," said the barber, trying the edge of his razor on his thumb nail. I had a set of stiffs who used to ask me to chalk it down. I got tired of keeping books, and I adopted a new system. Whenever I shaved one of these old standbys I put a little nick in his nose with my razor, and kept tally in that way. They got so they didn't want to run bills." There was a tremor in the customer's voice, as he asked from beneath the lather: "Do you object to being paid in advance?"

When Doctors Disagree

it will be time enough to doubt the reliability of Kidney-Wort. Doctors all agree that it is a most valuable medicine in all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and frequently prescribe it. Dr. P. C. Ballou of Monkton says: "The past year I have used it more than ever, and with the best results. It is the most successful remedy I have ever used." Such a recommendation speaks for itself. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

THE Salvation Army in England has invented a new wrinkle in prayer, apparently for the benefit of "the boys" who stay out late to "lodge." Invitations are issued to come to the meeting at 11 o'clock, and half an hour later the doors are closed upon brother and sister, saint and sinner, not to be opened until 5 in the morning. What goes on indoors is not disclosed to profane eyes, but it is safe to say that the wife of the period will not accept this as a valid excuse for inserting the latchkey at sunrise or afterwards.

HAY-FEVER. My brother Myron and myself were both cured of Catarrh and Hay-Fever last July and August by Ely's Cream Balm. Up to Dec' 28, these troubles have not returned—GABRIEL FERRIS, Spencer, N. Y.

HAY-FEVER. I was afflicted for twenty years with Hay-Fever. I used Ely's Cream Balm with favorable results, and can recommend it to all.—ROBERT W. TOWNLEY, (ex-Mayor) Elizabeth, N. J.

BRILLIANT prospects: Yesterday we met Bill Beatty, with a grip-sack swinging to one of his hands, going down Austin avenue. "Where are you bound for?" "I'm going to Leadville to open an undertaker's establishment. There's millions in it." "You don't say so?" "Yes, my brother has just graduated as doctor. He is going to practice in Leadville, and if I open an undertaker's establishment he will give me all his custom. Good-bye, take care of yourself."

Twenty-four Hours to Live.

From John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., who announces that he is now in "perfect health," we have the following: "One year ago I was, to all appearance, in the last stages of consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which benefited me. I continued until I took nine bottles. I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

To match his voice: A young gentleman of Austin, of the lackadaisical Oscar Wilde type of idiot, hung to a sunflower, went into an Austin avenue restaurant one day recently to get some breakfast, and, by the way, he has the appetite of a Missouri journalist on an excursion and is gifted with the digestive organs of a boa-constrictor. "How do you want your eggs biled?" asked the waiter. "I want them soft." "How soft?" "Very soft. I want them to match my voice."

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Try "Wells' Health Renewer."

A BEVY of little children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest, "Reading spelling and definitions." "And what do you get, my little one?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow, who was at that time slyly driving a tenpenny nail into the door panel. "Me? O, I gets readin', spellin' and spankins."

"MELINDA, I don't like that lover of yours." "Why, papa, dear?" "I don't think he's possessed of staying qualities." "Papa, then his looks deceive you awfully. He's superabundantly blessed with staying qualities. Why, he'd stay to breakfast if I'd let him.

"NOTHING" said an impatient husband, "so reminds me of Balaam and his ass as two women stopping in church and obstructing the way, to indulge in their everlasting talk." "But you forget, my dear," retorted his wife, meekly, "that it was the angel who stopped in the way, and Balaam and his ass who complained of it."

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

"OH, yes," said Mrs. Brown, as she surveyed with evident pleasure her little parlor sidebcard, covered with old china and decorated with highly colored tiles, "Mr. B. remarked last night that I was becoming quite an atheist," and the old lady's countenance fairly beamed with delight as her eyes rested on a sixteen-cent Japanese teapot.

* * * * Rupture, pile tumors, fistulas and all diseases of the lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and enclose two (3ct.) stamps for book.

A SUDDEN impulse: "But why did you leave her so hastily?" asked a sympathizing friend who was trying to console a lover for his separation from the object of his idolatry. "Oh, it was a sudden impulse." "What sort of an impulse?" "I don't know exactly," returned the sufferer, thoughtfully, "but it must have been at least a No. 12."

French Grape Brandy, distilled Extract of Water-Pepper or Smart-Weed, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best possible remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux; also, to break up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. 50 cts. Keep it on hand. Good for man or beast.

"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of an editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of quills. "A considerate carpenter, forseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

"YOUNG men," said a tiresome and instructive old muff to a group of apprentices, you should begin at the bottom of your business and work up." "I can't," said one of them. "Why?" asked the old muff. "I am a well-digger," answered the apprentice.

☞ Well Dressed People don't wear dingy or faded things when the 10c. and guaranteed Diamond Dye will make them good as new. They are perfect. Get at druggists and be economical. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

"IN Russia only one liquor saloon is allowed in each village. The youth of that country can never become experts in the absorbing game of dominoes.

A MOODY moralist mutters: "Those who are thoughtless are already dead." Then the Summer resorts must teem with lively corpses.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

CALIFORNIA complains of a superabundance of frogs. That was always a great country in the spring.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BRILLIANT prospects: Yesterday we met Bill Beatty, with a grip-sack swinging to one of his hands, going down Austin avenue. "Where are you bound for?" "I'm going to Leadville to open an undertaker's establishment. There's millions in it." "You don't say so?" "Yes, my brother has just graduated as doctor. He is going to practice in Leadville, and if I open an undertaker's establishment he will give me all his custom. Good-bye, take care of yourself."

TURKISH RICE.—Put into a saucepan six cupfuls of stock or broth in which you have previously dissolved a good allowance either of tomato paste, tomato sauce or the pulp of fresh tomatoes passed through a sieve, pepper and salt to taste. When it boils throw in, for every cupful of stock, half a cupful of fine rice, well washed, and dried before the fire. Let the whole remain on the fire until the rice has absorbed all the stock, then melt a large tablespoonful of butter, and pour it over the rice. At the time of serving, and not before, stir lightly to separate the grains, but do this off the fire.

CRULLERS.—One pint of sweet milk, one pint of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, three or four eggs well beaten separately, two tablespoonfuls of cream tartar, about two pounds of flour, or just enough to make a very soft dough, rose water and grated nutmeg to taste. Roll out thin; make the cakes small and round with a hole in the center. Fry in boiling lard, and after draining them well roll them in powdered sugar flavored with cinnamon.

MACARONI AU GRATIN.—Boil half a pound of macaroni in a pint of milk until tender, then mix in the stewpan with the macaroni pepper and salt, four ounces grated cheese and two ounces butter; place in a deep dish or shallow pie pan, grate a little nutmeg over it and ligtly cover the top with bread crumbs; place in a hot oven to brown and serve immediately.

CLOVE CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, three cups of flour, half a cup of sour milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves.

Tin-lined copper pipes for the distribution of water, and for all purposes in plumbing, are coming into popular favor in Boston. The manufacture is very simple. The copper is tinned in the sheet before being formed into pipe, and the interior is subsequently coated with tin by a very easy process. The cost is no greater than that of lead pipe, strength for strength, while the tin lining is not subject to decomposition by carbonic acid, oxygen, or other corrosives, to the same extent as lead.

PULLING STUMPS.—Stumps are far more easily extracted after soaking rains have left the ground loose and yielding, than after the packing and baking of a season of drouth. For small stumps, especially on ground too wet and soft to admit the use of teams, a simple and effective arrangement may be used. A strong axle, say six inches square, is fitted to any stout pair of wheels, as those of a truck, to which a triangular lever is firmly bolted. It projects sixteen inches behind and sixteen feet in front and is made of tough hard wood, the pieces six inches square. To the end piece, which is mortised and securely bolted to the others, a chain with two stout hasps is attached. In using it, a broad plank is placed under each wheel to prevent sinking into the earth, and the wheels are blocked. The hooks are grappled into a root, and when raised as far as possible by depressing the lever it is blocked and a new hitch taken lower down. Two can move the implement from stump to stump. The leverage would be nearly twelve to one, giving three thousand six hundred pounds power if the men weighed one hundred and fifty pounds each, and could both put their weight upon the extrme end of the lever—a power that would start small stumps.

THOSE butter-makers who are troubled and annoyed by streakiness of their butter may rest assured that it is due to over-careful working out the water from the butter preparatory to salting. The salt is in solution, and is so evenly diffused through the butter that not a drop of water even can be detected, but only a very finely granulated and fibrous appearance. Every grain and fibre is surroundsd by a film of brine clear and transparent. This cannot occur unless there is water enough left in the butter to dissolve the salt completely, In the first working of the butter the great point is to get rid of every particle of milk and the next point is to leave enough clear water in the butter to dissolve every grain of salt in the 12 hours before the next working. To effect this the salt should be very finely ground.

A REMARKABLE effect of muriate of pilocarpine employed as medicine, and administered hypodermically, has lately been reported by Dr. Prentiss, of Philadelphia. The use of the drug was commenced on December 16 and ended on Feburary 22. On the twelfth day it was noticed that the patient's hair originally of a light golden hue, was growing dark. The darkening continued although the medicine was suspended, and on May 1 the man's hair was nearly jet black, and extremly luxuriant, His eyes, originally light blue, were, at the same date of the darkest shade of that color. The cause of these phenomenas was the increased deposit of pigments due to the action of medicine.

TOBACCO raisers and producers of other plants whose dried and curled leaves are of value in the market, will be interested in the latest explanation of the cause of the brown discoloration-spots of small diameter, in which the tissue is nearly destroyed —that so often impair the value of their products. It appears that rain-drops after a shower of a hot summer day, act as condensing prisms to the nearly vertical beams of the sun, concentrating the ray upon the surface of the leaf just beneath the centre of the drop, thus producing a burnt spot of diameter corresponding with that of the drop itself and of depth proportionate to the intensity of the heat,

INSECTS.—In using kerosene it has been found that a cheap grade of yellow bar soap containing rosin makes the best emulsion—four pounds of soap to one gallon of kerosene. One gallon of this emulsion incorporated in forty-nine gallons of water (or relatively less quantities of each) makes an effective solution destroying the insect, both in the larval and pefect stages.

HORN HORSESHOES.—A new horseshoe has lately been experimented with at Lyons, France. It is made entirely of sheep's horn, and is found particularly adapted to horses employed in towns and known not to have a steady foot on the pavement. The results of the experiments have proved very satisfactory as horses thus shod have been driven at a rapid pace on the pavement without slipping. Besides this advantage, the new shoe is very durable.

SUDDEN and extreme changes in milk, cream or butter injure keebing. The same is true of iced meat. If two pieces of meat are taken from the same animal, and one placed in air at 60 degrees and the other on ice for three hours, and then placed by the side of the first, the iced piece will spoil long before the one which has been kept at 60 degrees.

THERE is no need of bothering about a cow's pulse to find out if she is well or not; simply look at her nose. If well, it will be moist and cold; if feverish, dry and hot. She is like a dog in this respect. A staring coat or hollow eye are also symptoms, indicating trouble and as symptoms, of disease they are more to be dreaded than the dry nose.

THOSE who complain of having "no luck" with flowers, should understand, that the having thrifty, luxuriant plants the year through depends upon care and judgement, and not "luck at all. It is not outright labor or expense that is wanted, but a daily regard for the little things of watering, light soil, pruning, etc.

SPRUCE butter tubs are the best; hemlock makes a sweet tub: acids from the oak color the butter and injure its appearance, while ash gives the butter a strong flavor if kept long and increases the liability to mold: maple smells and cracks badly. Soak all tubs four or six days in brine before using.

It is hard to be poor, but to be ashamed of it, is putting salt on a sore.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
82 Mercer Street, New York

A Great Problem.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines*,
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures*,
—Take all the *Ague*, Fever and bilious *Specifics*,
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *recivers*,
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short*, take all the best qualities of all these, and the *best*
—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that *Hop*
—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all *concentrated*
—In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *combined*
—Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave. J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

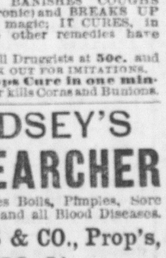
VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., *quickly and painlessly cured by the* Elastic Cradle-Compressor; 50c. *Glove-fitting.* Circular Free. CITIZENS' REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

* *
* * LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S * *
* * * VEGETABLE COMPOUND * * *
* * * IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR * * *
* All those painful Complaints *
* and Weaknesses so common *
* * * * * * to our best * * * * * *
* * FEMALE POPULATION. * *
Price $1 in Liquid, pill or lozenge form.

* *Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.* *
* It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. * * * * * * * * *
* It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. * Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of Inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*
* *

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, LIVER, BLADDER, AND URINARY ORGANS, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, PAINS IN THE BACK, LOINS OR SIDE, NERVOUS DISEASES.



By the use of this REMEDY, the Stomach and Bowels speedily regain their strength, and the blood is purified.

It is pronounced by hundreds of the best doctors to be the ONLY CURE for all kinds of Kidney Diseases.

It is purely vegetable, and cures when other medicines fail. Over 100 Physicians in the State of Rhode Island on record testifying in its favor and who prescribe it regularly.

This porous plaster is absolutely *the best* ever made, combining the virtues of hops with gums, balsams and extracts. Its power is wonderful in curing diseases where other plasters simply relieve. Crick in the Back and Neck, Pain in the Side or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Kidney Troubles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Chest, Affections of the Heart and Liver, and all pains or aches in any part cured instantly by the *Hop Plaster.* ☞ Try it. Price 25 cents or five for $1.00. Mailed on receipt of price. Sold by all druggists and country stores.

HOP PLASTER

LAME BACK

Hop Plaster Company,
— Proprietors, Boston, Mass. —

☞For constipation, loss of appetite and disease of the bowels take Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25 cents.

Hale's Honey
OF
Horehound and Tar

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at **50c.** and **$1**—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. **Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.** German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.

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TAKE NO OTHER.
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BLAINE & LOGAN, In 1 Vol. by T. W. KNOX. Authorized, Authentic. Impartial. Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest.* The leading Campaign books of 1884. Outsell all others 10 to 1. 78th thousand in press. Each vol. 500 pages, $1.50. 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit *Free. Freight* paid. Agents earn $10 to $25 a day. Now is the time to make money fast. Send for *Extra Terms* at once, to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

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SEINE Shot Guns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.

Large Illustrated Catalogues free. Address Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

R.R.R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

It will, in a few minutes, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only remedial agent in vogue that instantly stops pain. It instantly relieves and soon cures headache, whether sick or nervous, toothache, neuralgia, nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, sprains, bruises, bites of insects and pains of all kinds. Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS, FEVER AND AGUE

There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price fifty cents. Sold by druggists.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
The Great Blood Purifier.

For cure of all chronic diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat, purifies the Blood, restoring health and vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

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Radway's Regulating Pills

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

Perfect, Purgative, Soothing, Aperient, Act without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Pain in the Back, Loss of Appetite, Languor, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by druggists.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, Cor. Church St., New York.

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

To the Public.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.

WORMS

In the human body ERADICATED by using **CLARK'S WORM SYRUP!** INFALLIBLE An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.☜

FITS STOPPED FREE. *Marvelous success.* Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER *for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

"LINENE" REVERSIBLE

Both sides starch polished, thereby doubling their use and value. Adjusts perfectly. No rough edges to annoy. Worn and preferred by MILLIONS of all classes. DO YOU WEAR THEM? If not, why not? Dealers sell 10 for 25c. We postpay TRIAL COLLAR FREE, 12 to 18 in., or pair of Cuffs, 9 to 12 in., for 5 cents. Mention this paper.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., FACTORY: CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling **Queen City Shirt and Stocking Supporters etc.** Sample outfit free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED for the LIVES of **BLAINE AND LOGAN** By Col. THOS. W. KNOX. Outsells all others 10 to 1. Authorized, Authentic. Impartial. Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest.* 500 pages $1.50. *Sells like wildfire.* 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit *Free. Freight* paid. Send for *Extra Terms*, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. ☞Dr. Lutze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY or SHORT-HAND and TYPE-WRITING HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

VARICOCELE Painless cure sure. Book free. Ovisle Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Sept. 3, '84

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Special Bargains

TO SHOW YOU. MAKE AN AFTER HARVEST PLEASURE TRIP TO

"THE FAIR"

or

"SUPPLY DEPOT."

——IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.——

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

WEST END.

This week we invite your attention to VELVETS, mainly because they will be more extensively used than ever. What looks prettier than a dress trimmed or a Jablier front of Silk Velvet? Yet no one can tell our Nonpareil from the most expensive silk goods. Plain and Brocaded in all fashionable shades, and prices that we are positive Philadelphia cannot beat. No one can do more than we do: pay spot cash and discount bills.

In Cashmere and Black Goods our lines are Complete, as you are aware we are the only house in Centre County that carries a Complete line of Fancy Goods. This year we will carry more than ever.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, Aug.*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

——Had fine weather this week.

—— Dr. Rishel, of this place, thinks of locating at Milroy.

——Voters, remember, September 5, is the last day to register.

——A rattling thunder gust passed over this section on Saturday noon, 30th ult.

——The Aaronsburg Lutheran charge and the Centre Hall Reformed charge are vacant.

——The farm of Jonathan Weaver, deceased, is advertised at public sale, in REPORTER.

——A fine lot of gents' shoes, latest styles, can be found at Doll's new shoe store, Bellefonte.

——The next Granger pic-nic will be held on the mountain, at Centre Hall, Thursday, Sept. 18.

——Rev. M. V. Shadow, of the Mt. Carmel Luth. charge, has removed to Fisherville, Dauphin Co., Pa.

——For a first class boot or shoe Doll's is the place. A special line of ladies' and misses' goods.

——I. J. Grenoble thinks of establishing a branch grain house at Oak Hall with the opening of our railroad.

——Mr. J. A. Decker, of Spring Mills, gave the "Reporter" a call. His meat market is open at all times to customers.

——Dr. Wolf, of Gettysburg, brother of Wm. Wolf, of this place, will preach in the Lutheran church, at Aaronsburg, Sunday 7.

——It is rumored that General Dudley, Commissioner of Pensions, will resign at an early day, and that General James A. Beaver will be appointed to fill the position.

——Prof. W. T. Meyer, after spending a six week's vacation among friends at his home at Aaronsburg, has returned to Shamokin to resume his work of music teaching.

——It is estimated that the saloon keepers of Bellefonte disposed of about $9,800 worth of beer during the encampment of Grand Army there. One saloon keeper alone sold 100 barrels.

——Emanuel McCool, of Spring Mills, gave the "Reporter" a call. A break down of the engine, he informs us, has caused a temporary suspension of operations on McCool's sawmill.

——Doll's new shoe store, Bellefonte, near post-office, is taking the lead in the trade. A bran new stock has been put in, and every article is of the very best. Give Doll a call when in need of boots or shoes.

——A festival will be held in Wolf's grove, at Centre Hall, on next Saturday afternoon and evening, at which all kinds of refreshments will be served. Proceeds for the benefit of the Evangelical church.

—— Stover's Marble Yard, in Bellefonte, has the reputation of putting out the finest work in this part of the state. If in need of anything in their line, give them a trial, and you will be sure to be satisfied.

——Mr. Kennedy, jeweler, has purchased a large and handsome new safe, and will remove his establishment to the Durst store-room. Mr. Kennedy is a first-class watchmaker and has a skillful assistant in Mr. Stillson.

——Thursday morning of last week while endeavoring to jump on a moving freight train at Lock Haven, Charles Spangler, of Reberburg, made a misstep and falling with one of his feet on the rail had it severely mashed.

——Saturday, 6, the Farmers Mills Band will have a festival at the cave. Now fellows with a sweet-heart will know where to go. The Millheim Sabbath schools will have a pic-nic on same day in a grove near Millheim.

——How pleasant it must be to have the consciousness of a true benefactor of the human race—of helping to better man's condition. Lewins, in Bellefonte, has this consciousness, because he gives the people the cheapest and best clothing.

——Ben Butler is making quite a boom among the presidential aspirants, but we doubt whether he is more popular among the laboring class than Sam'l Lewins, the genial, pleasant manager of the mammouth Philad. Branch. Lewins has benefitted the working men very much, by giving the very best clothing at rock bottom prices, and they will all vote for him when he runs for the presidency in 1888.

——Eliphas Bush, of Buffalo Run, wandered from his home several weeks ago, and has not been heard from since. He is about 30 years of age and is subject to falling fits. His brother-in-law, T.C. Rumberger, of Philipsburg, will be grateful for any information concerning him.

—— Nothing serves so well to keep men in a good humor as a well-cooked, tempting meal, and plenty of it. There is no complaint against cooking in families where the groceries are bought of Sechler's, at Bellefonte, because everything is pure and fresh, and the good house wife is not disappointed when she uses Sechler's groceries.

——Gov. Curtin thinks the railroad will, in a few years, make Centre Hall the town of the valley. We think the governor is right, particularly if our people do not stand against the interests of the town and lend encouragement to those who have a disposition to keep it up with their means and influence—a pernicious spirit which has crippled many a place.

——Nothing so completely sets a man at naught as an ill fitting, badly made suit of clothing. When you see a finely dressed man you can put it down as a fact that he gets his clothing at the famous Philad. Branch, where the goods are of the very best quality, the workmanship first-class, the style the latest and prices the lowest.

——An infant child, of Howard Spangler, of Bellefonte, aged about three months, which was brought over by its parents on Friday last, visiting at Mr. John Spangler's in this place, took cholera infantum, and died on Monday. Its remains were taken to Bellefonte for burial, on Tuesday.

——At this present time the tendency is to adulterate everything. In several states very stringent laws have been passed against the adulteration of food, But those who deal at Sechlers are never anxious on this account, as they know that only pure, fresh and the very best groceries are kept by them. Ladies of Pennsvalley, if you want to become famous as good cooks, buy your groceries of Sechlers.

——On the 5th of last month the new State law went into effect, making it a misdemeanor for any minor under eighteen years of age to play billiards or pool in public houses of any kind. The law does not refer merely to places where intoxicants are sold, but to all parlors and rooms kept for the purpose of profit. The proprietor who allows youths under 18 to play, will be liable to a fine of $20 for each offense. The fine is to be sued for in the name of the parents or guardian of the minor, and when recovered goes to the overseer of the poor, for the poor in the city, town or township where the violation of the act occurred.

FROM COBURN.

Another new house is soon to be added to Coburn station.

Lots at Coburn sell from $100 up, according to location, and in a few years the demand, on account of the growth of the place, will increase the price, and the Evarts heirs and Benj. Kerstetter will realize handsomely on their lots.

Water is abundant here—on the south side of Penns creek, by foot of the mountain, there is the best cold, soft water, at a depth of 20 feet; on the north side of the creek at a depth of 12 to 15 feet hard water is found.

Court last week was the shortest in duration of any regular term we know of. By Wednesday evening the jurors were all dismissed. The business was all for the commonwealth and of a trivial nature, which is a matter not at all to be regretted. Esq. Herring, of Spring Mills, was foreman of the grand jury.

In the case of Commonwealth against John Smith for desertion, the court decided that defendant should pay $7.50 a month for the support and maintenance of his wife and child.

The Grand Jury made the following returns:

Commonwealth vs. Geo. Whippo, assault and battery on Adam Baum true bill.

Same vs. Geo. W. Fleck, assault and battery. Ignoramus and Frank G. Ingram, prosecutor, to pay costs.

Same vs. Wm. Pennington; found guilty of unlawfully wounding Parthenia Potter with a shot gun.

Same vs. Harry Fernburg; assault and battery—guilty.

Same vs. David McCloskey; nuisance. Prosecutor, John Mann. True bill.

Same vs. Lincoln Miller; rape. True bill.

Same vs. Robt. Bogne; furnishing liquor to minors. Defendant pleads guilty.

Same vs. same; selling liquor without license. Defendant pleads guilty.

Same vs. Jennie Benner; keeping bawdy house. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty. Sentence suspended upon condition that defendant leaves town.

Same vs. same; selling liquor without license. True bill. Defendant pleads guilty. Same as above.

Same vs. James McCafferty; throwing stone into car window. True bill. Cause continued to next term. Defendant held in $700 for his appearance at next term of court.

Same vs. Wm. Blackstone, carrying concealed deadly weapons. True bill.

Same vs. Silvey Johes; larceny. Ignoramus.

Same vs. Milford Dinges; fornication and bastardy. True bill.

Same vs. David Stoner; fornication and bastardy. True bill.

The 10,000 idle miners in Ohio would probably like to have a diagram of the benefits which the working men derive from tariff taxes.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

McDonald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative is the most highly concentrated, most harmoniously and skillfully combined of all the blood medicines offered the public. Many certificates from well known and worthy persons could be furnished to substantiate the great virtues claimed for this great medicine, but the manufacturer prefers simply to say any purchaser feeling the benefit derived from the use of a bottle not equivalent to the 75 cents invested in the purchase can have their money returned.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,

3sept2 Philadelphia Agents.

FROM SPRING MILLS.

The masons are giving the finishing touch to Prof. W. A. Krise's cellar wall; from appearances the Prof. intends putting up quite a large house.

Mr. Barney Evans is putting a wall under his house which adds much to the comfort of the house.

Mr. Samuel Leitzell met with a serious loss by his cow getting hurt, and no one can tell how it happened.

Harry Grenoble, a son of I. J. Grenoble, was very badly hurt last week by jumping on a car while in motion on the side track; he was jammed against a lot of bags, and pretty badly bruised, but no bones broken.

Rev. James D. Wilson, son of Peter Wilson, of this place, preached us a sermon on, "Return of the Prodigal Son," last Sabbath evening; the house was crowded—he always draws a large audience.

J. D. Long claims to have as fair a run of custom as any other store in town; one thing, John is a square up and down fellow.

We heard our friend W. L. Alexander telling that while attending court last week, in Bellefonte, that Mr. David F. Fortney invited him in to see his garden and he speaks very favorably of it, especially of his tomatoes; they are large and of a superior quality and are bearing well; his cellery is No. 1 too. David knows how to garden as well as practice law—so says Mr. A.

John Wilson and family have returned to their home; they were visiting his father, Peter Wilson. X.

What is the matter up in Luzerne county? Judge Garrick M. Harding, the leader of the republican party in that county, has declared for Cleveland and has been nominated by the democrats for representative in the legislature from the Wilkesbarre district.

While the country is still sick and disgusted with the stories of the last failure to reach the North Pole, Engineer Melville is going about talking up another expedition. He wants to sail by the way of Franz Josef Land next fall, and it is reported that Cyrus W. Field, jr., has offered to defray one-half the expenses of the expedition. It is a pity that nothing can be done to restrain the folly of such people, but it is to be hoped that if another idiotic attempt is to be made to starve another ship load of citizens in the Arctic regions the promotors of the enterprise will be sent along to be used as lunch when the canned victuals give out.

Williamsport, August 31.—The fact was made public to-day that the post office in this city was robbed yesterday of stamps amounting to $3,500 in value. The chief clerk, who was in the private office, the postmaster being at dinner, was called to the door to see a man in a buggy. He was not out three minutes, but during that time four packages of stamps were taken from the safe.

List of letters remaining in the post-office, Centre Hall, Sept. 3, '84: Mr. Henry Lucas, 1; D. T. Maurer, 2; Peter Gettig, 1; John Corner, Alice M. Watts, Annie M. Shaffer. Italians: Rocco Galiansa, Enzina Tanador, Tanor Pallo, Giuseppe Pecoraro. J. A. REESMAN, P. M.

THE GREAT DROUGHT IN INDIA.

London, Sept. 1.—Advices from India state that further anxiety is felt in portions of the country owing to a continued lack of rain. The crops are withering in some parts of the Punjaub and in Masore, Deccan and Madras.

MARRIED.

On August 14, by Rev. John Tomlinson, Mr. J D. Stover, of Haines township, and Miss Martha B. Bruon, of Spring Mills.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	52¼	—64
Wheat	"	80	—88½
Oats	"	25⅝	— 36½
Pork	"	10.00	
Lard	"	7.47½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker, 31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	80
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	50
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 15; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

Nc. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

24dart1

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER,

27aug6m Tusseyville, Pa.

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp, three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, October 4, '84, at 1 o'clock, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 Acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ½ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land of E. Dashaner, on east by land of J. B. Rearick and on west by land of James Grove, containing 194 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut-oak, etc.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.

THE MINERS RIOTING.

Columbus, Ohio, August 31.—Reports have come from the Hocking valley to the effect that the miners at Snake Hollow made an attack on the guards at two o'clock this morning, one of them being killed and two wounded. It is reported about 3,000 miners who came from the surrounding country made the attack. The telegraph lines are all cut and sheriffs in that vicinity are thus prevented from communicating with the governor in order to call out the militia. One of the hoppers was burned during the night entailing a loss of $4,000.

THE STRIKING MINERS.

The State Troops Ordered to the Scene.

Columbus, O., Sept. 1.—Sheriff McCarty has just sent a telegram asking for troops. Gov. Hoadly on arriving at his office at midnight received the following:

Logan, O., Sep. 1.—To George Hoadly, Governor: All means in my power are entirely exhausted to repress disorder, and to protect life and property. The strikers are cutting all the telegraph wires. I am worn out. I have been going day and night for two months. Please send militia at once and save further bloodshed. The jail is threatened.

(Signed) J. T. MCCARTY,
Sheriff of Hocking County.

The governor at once ordered out all of the Fourteenth regiment, the Duffy and Governor guards, the Lancaster, Circleville and New Lexington companies and replied to Sheriff McCarty that troops were on the way and ask for more were needed. The Lancaster company being only twenty miles from Logan it was sent to that place to guard the jail. One of the leaders in the riot in Snake Hollow last night and the one said to have killed O'Hara was arrested and brought to the jail at Logan. A mob was coming into town to release him.

A WESTERN HORROR.

A Terrible Scene at the Burning of a Circus Car.

Denver, Col., August 29.—The burning of a circus car nine miles north of Greely was attended with indescribable horrors. The burning car was next to the engine in a train of seventeen cars containing Orton's Anglo-American circus. There were sixty men in the car. The only means of egress was through a small window between the car and engine.

The screams of those unable to get through the blockade to the aperture were terrifying. In the midst of the confusion two or three heroic souls appeared equal to the occasion. They bravely cut their way to their companions to find them already in the agony of death. Albert Lake, in charge of the animals, and his friend Kent walked over cactus in their bare feet pouring buckets of oil on the blistered unfortunates and wrapping them in blankets. An old Pacific coast soldier named McDonald, was terribly burned, his flesh hanging in shreds. The heart-rending cries of the men on the prairie, smothered appeals of the dying within the car, the roaring flames and the howling of the animals made the situation tearible beyond description. The odor of the roasting flesh and the distant cry of the coyote added to the general horror. The voices of the dying grew fainter and soon ceased. Many of the rescued being pulled through the small windows of the car had their limbs broken and joints dislocated.

At daylight a flat car carried the charred bodies into Greely for interment. The county commissioner buried the remains in a coffin seven feet wide and ten feet long in the Greely cemetery.

HOW THE GERMANS WILL VOTE.

Representative Wallace, of Ohio, says the Germans of Ohio are all leaving Mr. Blaine, and that Ohio will be carried in October by the Democrats. He says also that he has no doubt Wisconsin's being carried by the Democrats. Gen. L. B. Parsons, of Illinois, was at the Democratic headquarters to-day discussing the situation in his State. He says the Democrats are having a hurrah campaign and making very great gains in German districts. They have a fighting chance there and if Ohio goes Democratic in October the Democrats may carry Illinois. Ex-Congressman Eldredge, of Wis., says Wisconsin will go to the Democrats, as the Germans will not vote for Blaine.

If the nearly $500,000,000 idle in the treasury in Washington was in the pockets of the people from whom it was wrung by the tax gatherers there would be less stagnation in business and manufacturing industries would be booming.

CHINA HAS NOT DECLARED WAR.

Paris, Sept. 1.—The report that China had formally declared war against France is without foundation. Prime Minister Ferry has gone to Saint Die for a week's holiday, which implies that further immediate complication with China is not likely to occur. Admiral Courbet has left the Isle of Maston and is said to have gone to Hainan. Five hundred French troops have been ordered from Cochin-China to Kelung.

WISDOM OF THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese Government has taken measures to prevent the adulteration of teas in the interest alike of the public health and of the commerce of the country. All persons engaged in the tea trade, whether producers or sellers, are required to form local guilds, which in turn are required to frame rules to achieve the following objects: (1) That tea adulterated with bad and impure stuff shall not be manufactured; (2) that tea leaves shall be properly fired and packed; (3) that the names of producers or sellers shall be marked on every package. The members of the guild have certificates given to them, which must be stamped by the local authorities. In each prefecture there is a head guild to which the subordinate guilds send representatives. By this process the government seeks to enlist the merchants and producers themselves in the work of preventing such adulteration of the tea product, as, by breaking down the market for Japan teas, may in the end cause injury and lose to an important industry of the nation, and to the just and unjust alike among dealers in tea.

A NATIONAL SHAME.

Helena, Mont., August 29.—Gov. Crosby states that a special agent sent by him to inquire into the condition of the Piquan Indians, found that these Indians, about 2,000 in number, are dying of starvation at the rate of one a day. The men and women are guant and spiritless and children are emaciated. They are all so weakened by the lack of sufficient food for the past two years that dreadful suffering and many deaths must occur shortly.

Ayer's Ague Cure, when used according to directions, is warranted to eradiate from the system all forms of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Intermittent, Remittent and Bilious Fevers, and disorders of the liver. Try it. The experiment is a safe one, and will cost you nothing if a cure is not effected.

THE GRANGER'S PICNIC.

Harrisburg, August 28.—There were 30,000 persons at the Grangers' pic-nic to-day, and the enclosure was packed. Among the speakers were Prof. W. H. Downey, Lecturer of West Virginia State Grange, who took the position that all tariff taxes in excess of the actual needs of Government were directly injurious to the agricultural interests of the country. The Hon. G. M. Deckles, of Mechanicsburg, Vitor E. Piolett, Prof. C. F. Whitney, of Michigan, and others also spoke. Gen. Butler will arrive on the ground by special train to-morrow and will speak.

Jas. R. Irwin, druggist, Carwinsville, Pa., writes:

"J. A. McDonald—Dear Sir: Send us ½ gross of your Worm Powders—they give good satisfaction to our trade. Professionally I always recommend them, as I consider they embody to the utmost the principal and most desirable points in a vermifuge—smallness of dose easiness to take, compactness and elegance, while our steadily increasing sales attest their value as a worm destroyer and the satisfaction they give our trade."

Dissatisfied purchasers can have their money refunded.

For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
3s2 Philadelphia Agents.

A RAILROAD TAX CASE DECIDED.

Harrisburg, Va., August 28.—In the U. S. District Court to-day, Justice Bond presiding, the question of the right of the State of Virginia to tax the rolling stock of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad traversing the state, said tax having been laid on the railroad company, was decided, after hearing written arguments of counsel on both sides, in favor of the railroad company. This decision is considered a test case.

Who has not heard or been the recipient of benefits derived from using N. H. Downs' Elixir, a never failing remedy for diseases of throat, chest and lungs. None are too poor to get cured of all bilious diseases by the use of Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters, as they only cost 25 cents per bottle. As a liniment for horses, Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, cures sprains, burises and lameness at once. Sold by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. sept

A $1,000,000 WILL IN FOUR LINES.

Phiadelphia, August 25.—The will of the late Wm. L. Schaffer, who for forty years was a cashier of the Girard National Bank, which was to-day admitted to probate, is remarkable for its brevity. Mr. Schaffer was a bachelor and left an estate valued at over $1,000,000. The will is in the decedent's own handwriting and is written on a small scrap of legal cap paper, occupying with signatures only four lines. The brief instrument is as follows:

"Philadelphia, July 8, 1880.—I do hereby give and bequeath to my sister, Elizabeth S. Schaffer, all my real and personal property of whatever description.

W. L. SCHAFFER.

Witness—J. Reeves."

☞Fashion is Queer.—Fast, brilliant and fashionable are the Diamond Dye colors. One package colors 1 to 4 lbs. of goods. 10c for any color. Get at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

BOMBARDMENT OF FOO CHOW.

London, August 27.—The French loss in the bombardment of Foo Chow was 7 killed and 14 wounded. The Chinese loss is estimated at 1,000 killed and 3,000 wounded.

The Chinese man of war Yangwu was exploded by a torpedo after it had fired a broadside at a torpedo boat. The boiler was exploded by means of hand grenades thrown from the Yangwu, after which the boat was sunk by the Valto to prevent its being captured by the Chinese.

The French expect to occupy the heights commanding the Pagoda anchorage. It is reported that there are 75,000 Chinese troops in the vicinity of Foo Chow.

According to reports received at Sontay 80,000 Chinese troops have invaded Tonquin and have already had an engagement with the French troops. In this battle, it is asserted, the French were annihilated, while several thousand of the Chinese were killed.

THE WIVES OF THE STRIKERS BEGGING TO BE SENT TO JAIL.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 26.—A Coal Centre, Pa., special says 34 more camping coal miners were arrested this morning by special officers McClure and McBurnie for tresspassing on the railroad company's property. They were loged in Odd Fellows' hall, and will be taken to Washington jail this afternoon.

The wives of 15 or 20 prisoners came to California with babes in arms this morning and begged to be sent to jail with their husbands, as they have nothing to live upon but a little corn meal.

Their request was granted. Citizens are indignant at the wholesale arrests which are made without warrants, and it is probable a public meeting to denounce the action of the officers will be called. Four hundred new recruits are expected to arrive in camp this afternoon.

TERRIBLE CYCLONE IN MINN.

Minneapolis, Minn., August 28.—A special Winnipeg says: A terrible cyclone passed over this city last night, doing great damage, blowing down many buildings and stripping roofs from massive blocks. The provincial towns have also suffered severely. The Canada and Pacific railroad sheds were blown down, telegraph lines were prostrated in every direction.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

The many great improvements introduced in the manufacture of the Jas. Boss' Gold Watch Case, have led to similar improvements in the making of silver cases.

Under the old methods, each part of a silver case was made of several pieces of metal soldered together, requiring a great amount of cutting and soldering, which softened the metal and gave it the pliability of lead rather than the elasticity of silver.

Under the improved methods, each part of the Keystone Silver Watch Case is made of one solid piece of metal hammered into shape. The advantages are readily apparent, for every one knows that hammering hardens the metal while soldering softens it.

To test the superiority of the Keystone Silver Watch Case, take one of 3 oz. weight, press it squarely in the center when closed, and it will not give, while a case of same weight of any other make will give enough to break the crystal. The Keystone Silver Watch Case is made only with silver cap and gold joints.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(To be continued.)

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The Partnership heretofore existing between Dr. W. A. Jacobs and Dr. G. P. Rishel, from Jan. 14, 1884, has been dissolved this day by mutual consent.

27 3t W. A. JACOBS,
August 25, 1884. G. P. RISHEL.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Catharine Lingle, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against same to present the them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN D. DECKER.

27aug6t Potters Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letter of administration upon the estate of Jonas Boal late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. LEVI STUMP, Adm'r.,

29aug6t Tusseyville, Penn'a.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE—Letters of administration upon the estate of Dr. G. W. Kline, late of Potter township, dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. JOHN KLINE, Adm'r.

29aug6t Bellefonte, Penn'a.

THE BEST AND ONLY AUTHENTIC LIFE OF **Blaine** By Wm. Ralston Balch, assisted by the distinguished candidate himself. Our book will contain facts to be found in no other, besides a complete history of the Republican party, with all its platforms; sketches of the lives of all the Presidents; the women of the White House; protective tariff; free trade; electoral vote; home life of the President, and a full life of **Logan.** Ours is the best, most accurate, cheapest and sells most largely. Send 50 cts. for outfit at once. THAYER, MERRIAM & Co.,

6 ug10t 883 Arch St., Philad'a

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers a very desirable home for sale, on the old Lewistown road, two miles west of Centre Hall. There are 36 acres of land, with good buildings, choice fruit, and excellent water. Terms reasonable.

6aug6t WM. HORNER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

NOTICE.—The following property was bought at Constable's sale, August 9, 1884, by Geo. Meeis: One cow, 2 hogs, ton of hay, cook stove, room stove, table, clock, bed, carpet, sink, and all the defendant's personal property and loaned to Geo. Horner; and hereby all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same in any manner

20aug3t GEORGE MEEIS.

LADIES' MEDICAL ADVISER.—A complete Medical Work for Women, handsomely bound in cloth and illustrated; postage paid for 10 two-cent stamps. Tells how to prevent and cure all diseases of the sex, by a treatment at home. Worth its weight in Gold to every lady suffering from any of these diseases. Over 10,000 sold already. Address, NUNDA PUBLISHING Co., Nunda, N. Y. 6aug3m

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 25apr8m

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,

7may3m Spring Mills, Pa.

Any Housekeeper who sends at once the names of 5 married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-cent stamps for postage, will receive free for one entire year, a handsome, entertaining and itstructive Domestic Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating, Shopping, Cooking and Household matters. Best paper published for Ladies. Every housekeeper wants it. Regular price, $1.00. Must send now! Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL,

6aug3m Nunda, New York.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—There will be exposed at public sale at the late residence of John Love, dec'd, about one mile west of Tusseyville, on Saturday, Sept. 6, the following real estate of said John Love, viz.: A VALUABLE FARM, in Potter twp., Centre county, adjoining lands of Michael Spyker, John Stoner, James Runkle, Joseph McClellan and others, containing about 160 ACRES, mostly of good limestone land, about 14 acres of which are covered with a good growth of Fine Timber, the residue is in a fine state of cultivation, thereon erected a good two-story frame Dwelling House and Bank Barn and other outbuildings. There is an excellent orchard on the place and a well of never failing water. The farm is located in an excellent neighborhood and in convenient access to churches, schools, &c., affording a rare opportunity of securing a most desirable home.

Terms—A sum equal to the cost of the proceeding in partition and expenses of sale, in hand, when the property is knocked off; ⅓ of the residue cash on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in 1 year thereafter with interest, and the remaining ⅓ at the death of Elizabeth Love, the widow of decedent, with interest thereon to be paid her annually during the term of her natural life—said last two payments to be secured by bond and mortgage upon the premises. Sale at 2 o'clock.

OLIVER K. LOVE,
Adm'r of John Love and Trustee to sell.

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL

Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.

Unequalled in quality at half the price, 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.

RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and urethra, strangury, gravel, gleet, ghonorrhoea, leucorrhoea or whites, dropsy, pain in back, loins, &c., $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. G. F. RISLEY,

3sep3mos 64 Courtland St., New York.

CAUTION.—My wife, Jane A. Rishel, having left my bed and board since June 18, 1884, without any cause, all persons are hereby notified that I will pay no bills whatever contracted by her hereafter. 3s1 ANDREW J. RISHEL.